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SAFETY SKRIP, SKRIP-FILLED, 50c TO \$10. Every literate person from five to one hundred years of age should have non-leaking, practically unbreakable Safety Skrip. Saves furniture, rugs, clothing, keeps Skrip fresh, makes all pens write better.



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POETICAL PETE

I have no wish to scale the heights;
My place is with the lowly;
My motto fits my humble state;
Be good, but don't get holy.

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LINCOLN, THE MAN, by Edgar Lee Masters. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$5. We read (page 5) that "Lincoln did not equal Jackson in character or in gifts," that Jefferson's mind was superior, that (p. 26) he lined up "with the forces of privilege . . . to advance his own fortunes?" that (p. 479) he "dared not face the facts at Gettysburg" because "he had so long duped his own mind," etc. Other similar observations throughout this legal estimate of 500 pages, would seem to indicate that Mr. Masters does not wholly approve of A. Lincoln. Excuse it, please.

I'D LIKE TO DO IT AGAIN, by Owen Davis. Farrar & Rinehart, \$3. Charmingly modest, unaffected and even impersonal disclosures about himself—also introducing other histrionic notables, by the author of three hundred plays, fatally encouraging, because of the quite unconscious manner in which he instills first-hand information about the art-science of play writing.

THE CONTRACT BRIDGE GUIDE, by Shepard Barclay. Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$2. Advertised on the jacket as a key to all up-to-date systems, this is like saying it is jack of all trades and master of none. However, it is very good stuff about contract, a sort of clearing house of conventions, with a bibliography of other books, full laws, etc. But if anyone asks a new partner the questions he gives for that purpose, he is likely to be taken for a ride.

TWO THIEVES, by Manuel Komroff. Coward McCann, Inc., \$2.50. A simply and finely told, lenten-reading story, centering around the crucifixion, which, although confined to Palestine, A. D. about 30, is universal in its claim upon the attention.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$2. A trite, possibly impossible, situation, of two *distract* beings meeting accidentally in a theatre, and then going on a fictitious honeymoon, which might easily be degraded, but is here lifted up by the expert author into a highly entertaining near-comedy. Guess-who-gets-her enveloped in bright talk, holds the attention to the final eviction.

—Thomas L. Masson.

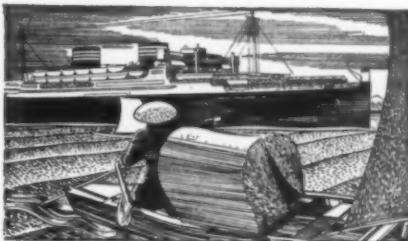


KONNICHIWA
NIPPON

Greetings
Japan

Greet the Empire of the
Rising Sun at the Gold-
en Gate...come to meet

you in one of Nippou's pleasure pagodas of the sea... ASAMA MARU, CHICHIBU MARU, and TATSUTA MARU. When you go aboard these motorliners in San Francisco, you are already in Japan. True, the twentieth-century luxury all about you is American, but the atmos-



sphere of Oriental courtesy is Japanese. Fourteen days later when you arrive in Yokohama, you will know a lot of things in Japanese, and better still, much about the charming customs of the cherry blossom kingdom.

JAPAN, CHINA, AND THE PHILIPPINES . . .

STOP-OVER AT HONOLULU

Magnificent staterooms and suites...swimming pool...gymnasium...wide decks...and menu delicacies that would make the most world-weary palate cut a caper. Dancing, of course. English-speaking stewards and an office of the Japan Tourist Bureau on board.

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IT IS PUZZLING, ISN'T IT?

Don't you sometimes wonder if you really are taking the best care of your teeth and gums? There are so many different dentifrices and countless conflicting theories regarding them.

But notice how overwhelmingly dentists themselves agree on one type of dentifrice. A prominent research institution made an investigation among 50,000 practicing dentists upon this subject of dentifrices. Here is the summary of the replies received:

95% of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

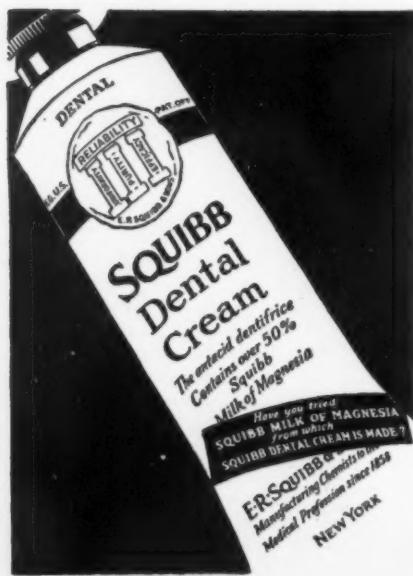
95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;

85% stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb Dental Cream is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia. No wonder it is such an effective dentifrice.

Squibb's cleans beautifully—and safely. It contains no grit, no astringent, nothing which might injure. And how it refreshes the mouth! Great for smokers. Try a tube.

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Life's Theatre Ticket Service Closes

with a bow to The Postal Telegraph Company

LIFE established its theatre ticket service two years ago to enable its readers to obtain good seats to good shows at box office prices.

At that time the public was practically at the mercy of ticket-scalpers, and visitors from outside New York, with limited time at their disposal, were forced to pay an outrageous premium for seats to hit shows.

LIFE'S one interest in the matter was to offer a temporary solution to this situation and to work in every possible way toward the final elimination of ticket scalpers and "gip" agents.

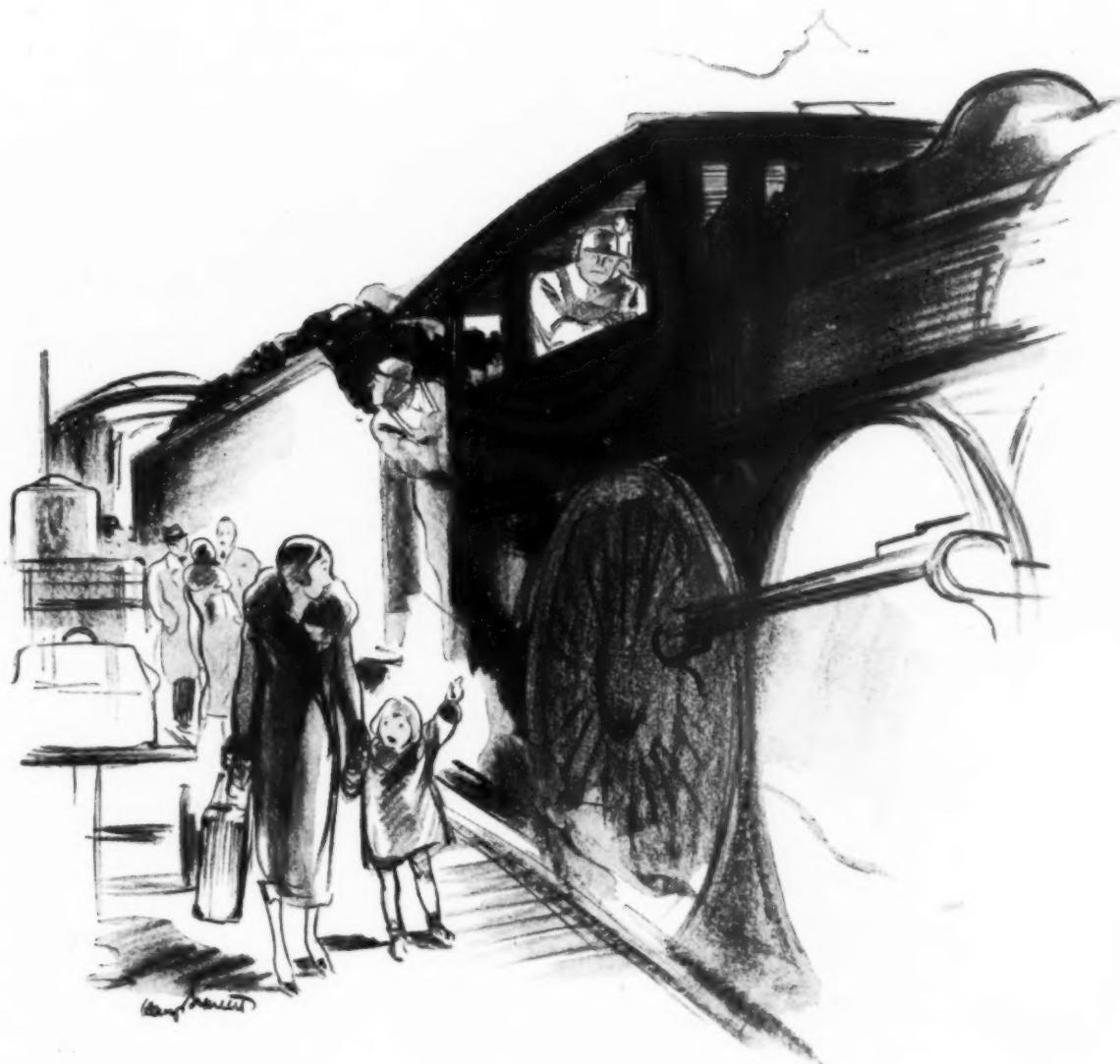
We now discontinue this service because we feel that the most practicable solution to the problem has been reached, through the agency of the Postal Telegraph Company.

We heartily recommend this newly established service to the public and to all readers who have hitherto used our own.

The Postal Telegraph Company with its hundreds of offices throughout the country, and with the co-operation of leading theatre managers, is equipped to render prompt and dependable service at nominal charge. Complete information may be had at any Postal Telegraph office.

It has been our pleasure to serve thousands of our friends during the past two seasons by procuring tickets at box office prices, and the Postal Telegraph Company now carries on this work, with our compliments for its public spirit and our best wishes for its success and permanence.

Si + e



"Mother, is that President Hoover?"

A British race driver, Captain Campbell, recently drove his auto at the rate of 245 miles an hour. At that speed he can go somewhere about as quickly as he can stay where he was.

Definition:

The Constitution is a document by which Congress can make its mistakes permanent.

"There is as much capital in the country as ever, but it is not working," says a financier. Yet every dollar that comes to see us is so busy it can stay only a moment.

Unwritten Letters

HAVE you ever paused to consider what a merry world this would be if we all were to write all the letters we think?

For instance—

This morning while putting on a shirt I thought of a letter to make the laundry gasp. I could picture the scene as the letter was delivered. Buzzers would ring. Excited button-snippers, sleeve-tearers, collar-sharpeners, button-hole-wideners, rust-stainers, hem-frazzlers, hole-pullers-at, package-delayers and complaint-ignorers would dart thither and yon. The president of the laundry would post a notice on the bulletin board. *Hereafter I'll wash Mr. Sims' shirts myself.*

But I failed to write the letter. Inside the shirt I went down to breakfast and got to thinking of a letter to the butcher about lamb chops.

"My dear Sir:"—I would write—"Too bad you're not selling to the Indians. They could use your lamb chops as tomahawks."

But I didn't write it. The mail came and, since it was near the first of the month, I began thinking of letters to the lighting company, the gas company and the telephone company. I determined to write one letter and send it to the three.

"My dear Sirs:"—I would say—"I'll burn candles in my house, and I'll build a fire in my back yard and cook on it, and I'll telegraph instead of telephone." After some thought I decided to add: "How do you like that?"

Then, while in the writing mood, it occurred to me that I might as well send a brief note to the telegraph company, saying: "You needn't laugh. I'll telephone instead of telegraph."

But the morning paper was with the mail and—well, I didn't write any letters. Later in the day when I thought it over I decided perhaps the laundry, butcher, lighting company, gas company, telephone company and telegraph company were right and I was wrong.

At the same time there was a sense of guilt. In some way I had neglected

my duty. The psychologists tell us that constant failure at retribution gradually builds within one an inferiority complex. In other words, if confession is good for one, then there is something to be said in favor of expressed indignation.

The safest way to express indignation, and elude the inferiority complex, is by writing letters.

You must write while angry or else the suspicion creeps over you that you were mistaken. Keep paper and envelopes with you at all times. Stamps may be obtained at drug stores and perhaps at post offices. When something happens—write immediately.

Of course, it is not practicable to stop and write to the truck driver who scowls at you. Truck drivers, traffic cops, hijackers and maiden aunts must go unwritten. This does not narrow the field.

There are radio announcers. Last night I was thinking of a letter to one: "Dear Sir: Do you think the orchestra is hired simply to fill in the time between your announcements? I'd rather hear a cornet solo, or a piccolo solo, or a cymbal solo, than your voice. By the way, what has become of the 1931 gold medal for the best diction? Not one of you announcers seems to be trying for it. How do you like that?"

And there are movie heroes:

"Oh, my dear Sir: I saw your latest super-epic tonight. It was grand until right at the last where the villain failed to push you over the cliff."

Don't forget the grocer: "Dear Sir: If this letter reads a bit sour to you it is due to the grapefruit you sent me. Etc."

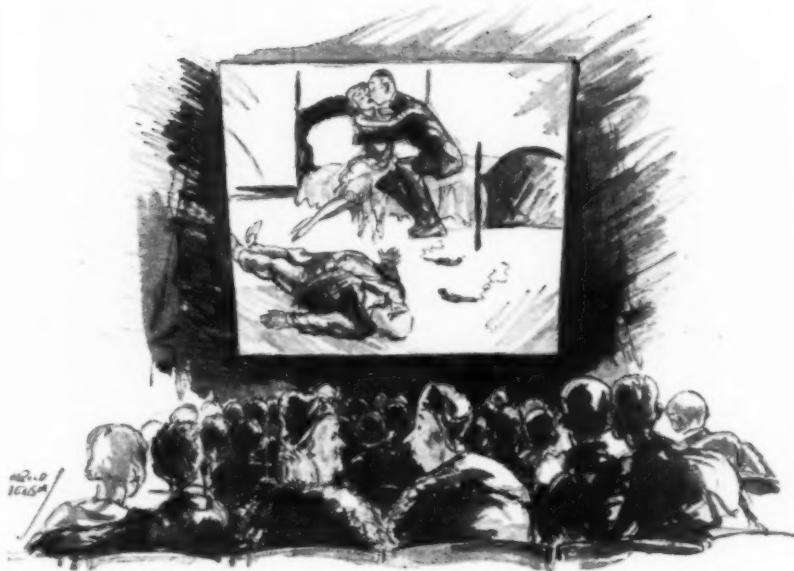
How about the garage? "Dear Sirs: I could have had my car Monday, might have got it Tuesday, should have got it Wednesday, expected to get it Thursday, and at last you did consent to give it up on Friday. You spent five days twisting the two ends of a piece of wire together again and charged me \$36 for it. I could have done the job myself in three minutes with ten cents worth of tape. How do you like that?"

And don't forget the laundry as I did. It always is, as we say at the bridge parties, vulnerable. I remember only one sentence of the letter I thought of to them: "How do you expect a man to get inside a shirt without unbuttoning the buttons?"

—Tom Sims.



"But, Henry, you said, last week—?"
"Well, darling, I lied to you. Can't you take a lie?"



"Of course, I can see how sin like that is a virtue."

Getting Down To Business

JOHN P. GROSK, President and General Manager of the Grosk Trouser Striping Company, is out to make 1931 equal or exceed 1929. He has thoroughly reorganized his routine and is making every minute count. Mr. Grosk's day begins at nine o'clock. He has arrived at the office by a quarter of ten every day this year.

One of the first things Mr. Grosk did to promote efficiency was to make a thorough survey of his own office. As a result he has reduced the number of desk ornaments to one bronze elephant, one jade lion and one engagement pad. He has banished his metal tiger and his ash receiver supported by a dancing wood nymph.

Following out his plan for the year he has eliminated all intra-office conferences in the morning. Except for discussing the Athletics' chances for the year for possibly a half hour or so a day with the vice-president and the usual ten minutes a day panning the Administration he has adhered to the program.

Mr. Grosk has cut his lunch hour to two hours. He always comes back in the afternoon, at least for a while.

The Grosk Trouser Striping Com-

pany is having a good year. Mr. Grosk has a secretary who gets down at eight-fifteen and stays till five-thirty.

—McCready Huston.



"Well, doctor, if I can't talk about it there's not much use in having it!"

Spur-ring!

In snappy tweeds I'll court fair

Nancy,

When bursting buds are on each
tree;

For in the Spring a young man's
fancy—

And that's what I intend to
be! —E. B. Crosswhite.

With Gestures

COHEN: Business is sure awful.
LEVI: You took the words right out
of my hand.

Tough

Times are now so hard that children
are being born with nickel-plated
spoons in their mouths.



Confusion In Relief

AS THIS number of LIFE goes to press no conclusion has yet been reached about assistance from Congress in feeding the drought sufferers or the unemployed, or for relief of veterans. No considerable number of citizens seem to have died yet of starvation, or even from exposure, cold or hardship. The Red Cross is at work and of the extent and adequacy of its labors there are various reports. The ten-million-dollar fund that it called for has been gathering, slowly, and is well on towards completion, but few people besides Mr. Hoover seem to think it will come at all near doing the job that needs doing. The disputes over this work have hurt everybody concerned with it—the Red Cross, the President and the Senate. A more intelligent opinion on what has been done, however, can be formed next fall.

Acquittals

IT SEEMS hard just now to convict any accused person of his crime. Bishop Cannon was acquitted by his Methodist brethren; the son of another Bishop, not Methodist, was acquitted by a jury, and now General Smedley Butler is eased off with a reprimand.

Not in any of these cases was the quality of mercy strained. In each of them to get rid of the accused was better than to take the responsibility and go to the expense of punishment. One rather likes Bishop Cannon, he is such a tough and defiant nut, rather more sinful it would seem than the average man, but perhaps not incurably so. But he is in for more troubles.

As for General Butler's case, every member of the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia ought to wear a black band on his arm for at least thirty

days because the confidence General Butler imposed in that Club was betrayed. Besides that, the Club might trace the leak that let the story into the newspapers.

THE indictment of officers of the Bank of United States is a step in progress in a matter that is full of dynamite. Mr. Kresel has had to retire from his helpful labors as prosecutor for Judge Seabury in the delousing of the police courts. But the duel between Kresel and Steuer with details involving Tammany rule in New York is not over yet.

NEWSPAPERS are very curious about what they print. One cannot but wonder at times at the ease with which girls, merely as girls, make the front page. Consider the young lady who "captivated" the Prince of Wales at a dance in Panama City and was in all the papers next day! However, it was probably no fault of hers that she got so much notice. The Prince of Wales on this journey he is making makes short stops and the news-gatherers and picture men, who are many, have to make the most of any fragment of human interest they can gather.

Since money got so common it has become less imposing. In the last thirty years it has declined in authority and public reverence. Personal advertisement is going the same way. The easier it is for a girl with fluffy curls and a nice nose to make the front page the less important it will seem to do it.

As for ladies who go off in airplanes and are advertised presently as lost at sea, it does not seem as if the game was worth so much candle.

General Wood

IT WAS quite interesting of the friends and admirers of General Wood to put out the story of his life, now running hereabouts in the *Herald-Tribune* as a counterblast to General Pershing's memoirs in the *World* and

Times. Wood was a remarkable man, did very valuable services, was greatly favored in a large part of his career and had some bad luck at the end of it. Hagedorn tells the story of his life in a way that stirs sympathy, but Wood was a formidable fighter and always a politician. If Pershing did not want him in Europe, doubtless it was because he felt that the job of fighting Germany was big enough without adding to it the job of fighting Wood. If Wood's friends had been in office he might have got what he wanted, though his physical condition was impaired. He might have done so, as it was, if the war had lasted long enough, for every country except the United States changed its top general.

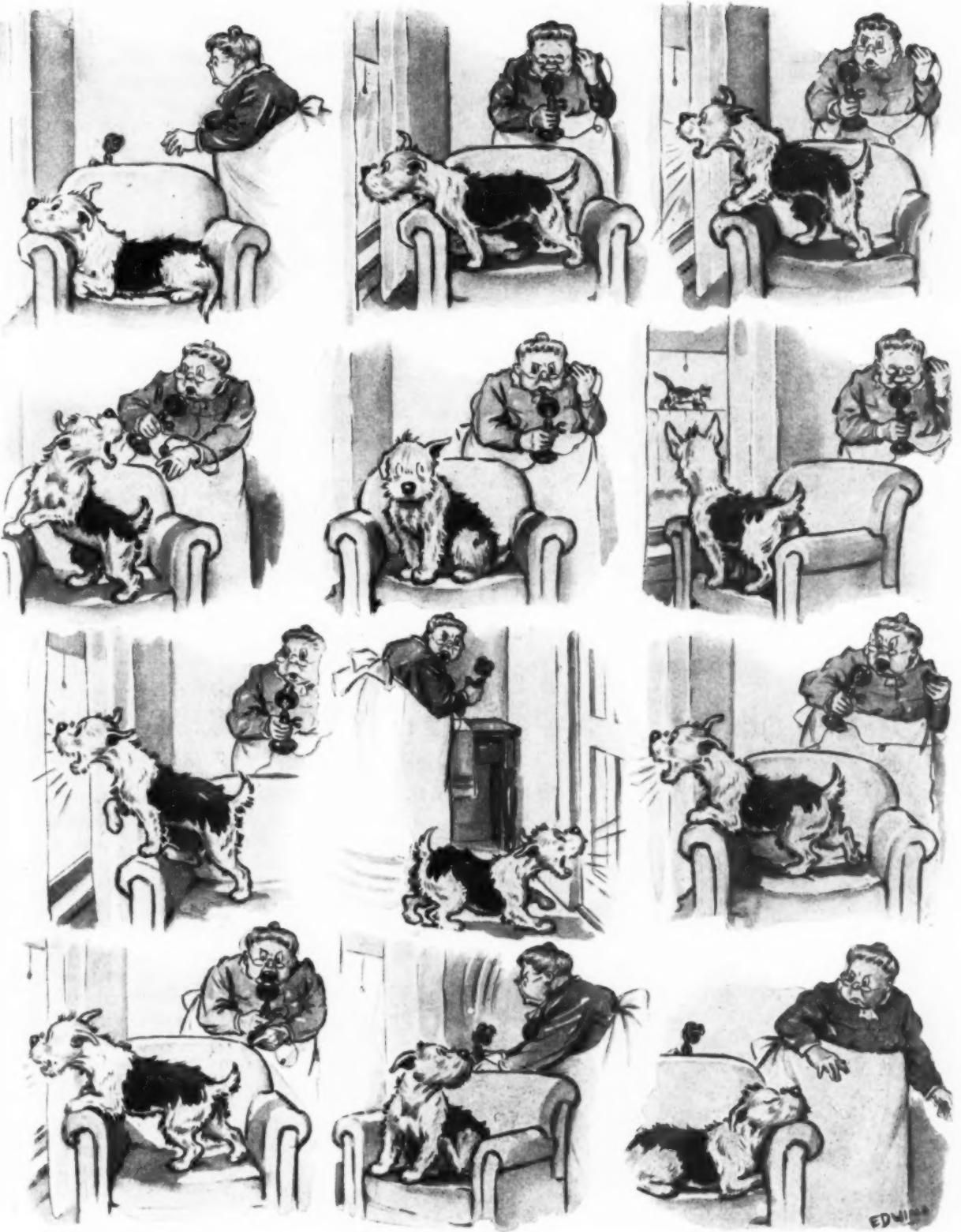
More Feet of Clay

IN THE world of books the disposition towards biographies depreciating the greatness of the great continues to go strong. The latest effort is by Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, the poet, and is directed to the disparagement of Abraham Lincoln. The interesting part of the lives of most notable men is their development; not at all that they started perfectly good and perfectly wise and so continued, but quite the contrary—that they started imperfect and more or less ignorant, gathered knowledge and wisdom as they went along and attained finally to a high degree of usefulness. Washington has been a target of course and can stand any kind of attention, but he showed strength of character and competence from the beginning and had a good social setting which gave him a strong start. So he is not so remarkable an example of development as Lincoln.

Lincoln has been so much belauded and idolized that possibly Mr. Masters' book will be useful, but, anyhow, it won't do Lincoln any harm, and since anything written about Lincoln that is at all intelligent has a strong appeal and a ready market this effort may be profitable to Mr. Masters.

To Shakespeare life was a stage, so it was a good deal to Thackeray, but to our generation it is a school.

—E. S. Martin.



SINBAD
Hello—Goodbye !!

The Masterpiece de Resistance

"Melted cheese and yolk of eggs are used in preparing paints by Mme. Chantal Quenneville, French artist, who will open an exhibition of her work tomorrow at the galleries of Jacques Seligmann & Co., according to announcement yesterday."

—New York Times.

Mme. Chantal Quenneville
3 East Fifty-first Street
New York City

Dear Mme. Quenneville:

I am a dilettante, rather than a connoisseur, with a rather perfunctory knowledge of oil paintings, water colors and etchings. If someone told me that Gainsborough's *Blue Boy* consists of a mixture of butter and crushed blueberries I wouldn't have a leg to stand on. (I might ask my informant how come the portrait doesn't turn

rancid or why the blouse never runs in hot weather but, aside from these few cursory remarks, I'd be the goat.)

I've been in Guy Hoff's studio several times while he was working in

oils. There's always a peculiar odor of turpentine (the wine cellar is in another room) about the place, and I've assumed that it was used for thinning the paints. I'm in some doubt about it now. It's probably some sort of shortening he uses in his flesh tints. On the other hand, mademoiselle, your studio, if we are to believe the newspaper accounts, must smell like a lunch wagon—meaning no offence.

I've heard of using melted cheese and yolk of eggs in the preparation of

a Golden Buck (\$1.00 at Charlie's, and very delicious) but as for mixing these ingredients on a palette, together with dabs of sepia, carmine, yellow ocher and battleship gray, and applying the concoction to canvas, you might just as well kill two birds with one stone and paint your portraits and landscapes on buttered toast. Then, if the finished product is slightly out of proportion, you can invite your friends in for a snack.

Personally, there'd be nothing more unappetizing to me than a woodland scene with a stringy background (the result of adding too little mustard and not enough beer to your pigments), and, Mademoiselle, you *always* run the risk of painting a four-minute sunset when your client asked for it soft boiled.

If you think that any of your canvases would be eligible for the Lippincott Prize or the Altman Award, covered with red ants and Croton bugs, you're sadly mistaken. If you *must* use cheese and egg in your compositions why not rent a studio in Swift's Cold Storage Warehouse so your paintings will stay fresh until ready for serving?

I can just picture your exhibition at the Jacques Seligmann galleries: Your *Stag at Bay* has attracted the attention of a prominent collector. Mr. Duveen stands there watering at the mouth and licking his chops as the savory smell of Welsh rabbit arises from the foreground. Suddenly he is stricken with acute indigestion and, before you can administer hot water and soda bicarb, the erstwhile collector has doubled up on the floor.

No, mademoiselle. If I were you I would keep my food and paint separate. Cheese and egg are all right as a medium provided they're kept in the pantry; but some day, if you persist in turning your studio into a diet kitchen, you're going to get a mouthful of the grand old royal purple *aux fines herbes*, and that's not so tasty to the discriminating palate.

Trusting that the rats won't bother your *Portrait of a Young Girl*, I am,

Sincerely yours,

JACK CLUETT.

P.S. Have you ever dabbled in lard?
J. C.



"Now, Willie—don't make mother angry."



"Do you see that spot on Washington's nose? That's my husband."

R. S. V. P.

By BERTON BRALEY

(Who bets you can't read it
the first time you try)

Kid, you are swell,
None can X L

Your style of beauty.
To C. K. Q. T.

More fair, would be
Lost N. R. G.

H. M. you are
Bright as a star

E. Z. to praise
In lyric phrase,

The dames are few
Who W.

O. F. U. say
You're mine for A

Y that would B
A good I. D.

S, V should wed
So go ahead

Page a J. P.
For you and me.

Signs

The last sign of winter is when the snow shovels have to work fast to finish before it melts.

Oui!

A dispatch from Paris says the French do not care for miniature golf.

We are told it is because there isn't room on a miniature course to discuss the game in French.

Improvements

A national campaign for artistic mail boxes is under way. Beauty should not be ignored, but first we would prefer something in the way of a box that doesn't snap at our fingers.





PLUMBER: Migosh! I'm late for work!

A Short Talk On Business Conditions

IT IS pretty late for anyone to get up and announce that this is the age of specialization. But I'm in favor of getting up late.

Today everyone has to have a specialty or he can't survive. Take my own case. My specialty is getting up late. If I got up early I couldn't survive. It's the modern system that's made this specialization necessary. Everybody's system needs a certain amount of relaxation and rest. I am the one who looks out for the relaxation. Other people look after the rest.

Specialization has reached such fine points in the automotive industry that manufacturers of automobiles are getting stuck with them. In the plant every man has his special job. On the street every man wants to drive "a special job." If all the special jobs in the country today were driven end to end it would speed up the whole industry turning out more special jobs. When they are not driven end to end fast enough there is a danger that the automotive industry will reach the saturation point. This is the point at

which it is all-wet to be in the automobile business.

Today in the automobile factories each man has his own particular job on the belt. Young men are confined to taking it in a few notches before lunch. Older men broaden out. That's the way with a big corporation. Men grow with them. And this is the thought I want to leave you.

It gives me great pleasure to leave you.

—Carroll Carroll.

Comforting

A press dispatch tells of three men who ordered some alcohol for removing varnish, but drank it instead. The attending physician says they may recover, but that they will never be the same mentally. That is encouraging.

Change

They say the new money fades. Well, so did the old.

(10)

Acumen

Since I was a little tot
I've been troubled quite a lot.
By accidents and love affairs,
Avocados, steamer chairs.
Languages, and social slips,
Edgar Guest, and pleasure trips.
Sex, and Freud, and morbid books,
Radios, and fishing hooks.
Soviets, the Chinese menace,
Crimes for which I did no penance.
Things one daren't talk about,
Roller coasters, rainbow trout.
Broken faiths, and shattered dreams,
Games of chance, and Lima beans.
Change of heart, of sox, of mind,
All the things one's apt to find
Strewn along Life's comic highway.
All the usual things come my way.
And Experience, that old miser,
Leaves me sadder, but no wiser.

—ed. graham.

Girl is given injection of parrot blood.

—News item.

But with a girl, how can you tell whether or not such an injection has any effect?

Mrs. Pep's Diary

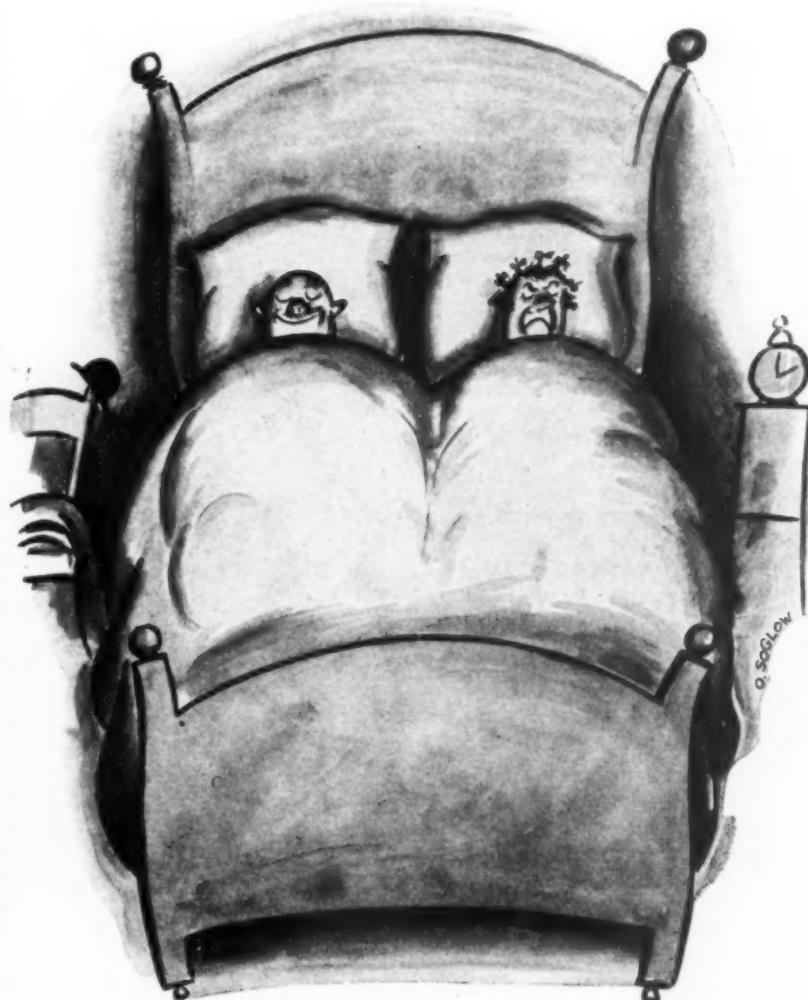
by Baird Leonard

FEBRUARY 6—Awakened in the small hours from a terrible nightmare in which I had seen a man in pyjamas sitting in my open bedroom window and had leapt from my bed and pushed him out of it for a fatal drop of fourteen storeys, and was so gibbering with remorse at my deed and fear of what the tabloids would make of it, that when I came to consciousness, I did dash into Samuel's room for comfort and conversation, but he was not in his bed, nor in his bathroom, neither, and I was suddenly struck with the horror that mayhap I had not been dreaming and had accidentally slain my own husband, so dashed through the flat in a great frenzy to search for him, and there sat the zany in the kitchen, eating corn flakes and drinking ovaltine at four o'clock in the morning, and I was so secretly wroth with him that I could actually have slain him on the spot, minding myself of the parents who set the police on their child's trail when he was late for his supper, and then almost beat him to death when he did return safe and sound of his own accord. All the morning over my accounts, a depressing business this month, so that I did sign various cheques with a feeble wish that my name were of sufficient glamour that tradesmen would refrain from cashing them on the business principle that some day my mere signature might fetch them a greater sum. Lord! I am amazed at the amount which I have laid out during the past two years for chirurgeons, and am resolved to cure myself of my phobia for a need of them, for albeit they are invaluable in moments of extremity, it is folly to require them in moments of pseudo-extremity. Well do I recall how my paternal grandmother, a wise crone with strong and unconventional convictions for her time, did arrive at our house when, as an infant, I was reputed to be dying of some malady or other, and when she beheld the various bottles from which I was being dosed, did fling them all out the window and effect my salvation through herbaceous remedies of her own concoction. And how my mother has frequently admitted since, with chortles, that not the least of her shock at the incident came from the fact that granny had also

flung out the silver spoons which lay beside them.

FEBRUARY 7—Rita Embury in betimes to see me, and when I made inquiries as to her departure for the South, did confide that she dared not go, forasmuch as when she indulged in any protracted absence from home, she returned to find that her husband had changed all the furniture about, even to the pictures on the walls, and that a readjustment to her own liking involved so much bickering that any benefit she might have derived from her jaunt was completely obliterated. Also that when she returned from Palm Beach last year, her apprehension that the trainmen would mistreat or neglect her dog was so great, that she had felt constrained to stay in the baggage

car herself for most of the trip, being obliged to sit on a casket. Whereupon I told her how Rudy Vallée had last night over the radio stamped Southern hospitality with his approval, and we did chuckle over the naive conception that the real brand was to be found in Miami. But Lord! could I but get for a few days so far away as even Moncton, the price would not be too great if I found the gas range in my bedroom when I came back. All the day gone catching up on magazines and journals, and struck by the news that a woman leaving an estate of less than \$5,000 had written her will on a blank page of "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," I could but wonder if the humor thereof was unconscious and ponder what a boon to hopeless invalids would be the title of my own book, "Simple Confession."





The position every girl gave up—to hear her tell it after she is married.

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

We have your note from Richmond, which shows we were wrong in imagining you were in Philadelphia instead of Baltimore. We knew it was a school week-end but we didn't know how you were working it. Your mother and I counted up the other evening and discovered that since you went to Miss Milligan's you have visited more points of interest than we did the first summer we owned a car. If you ever have any trouble getting to sleep you might try counting the places you've made. Some day when you're waiting at a junction try checking off the towns you've never been in on one of the station handbills. I don't mind, but I am afraid you are going to have as much trouble settling down in one spot as a Notre Dame football player.

I was afraid I might have to clip a thousand miles or so off your education, but business is really getting better. We've got the contract for the brick on the new postoffice and that means we'll get some money out of the job by 1934.

The best indication I've had came when our chief salesman broke his glasses and couldn't read any of the five confidential business condition letters he subscribes to. While he was waiting for his new lenses he went out and sold ten carloads of brick, six of them to customers who may pay.

Your Affectionate Father,
MCREADY HUSTON.

To Half A Hundred Lyric Writers

Teddy bears and woolly rabbits

Haven't interesting habits.

Fairies' pranks while darling slumbers

Don't produce good fox-trot numbers,

And for wooden soldier lyrics

I reserve my panegyrics.

Songs of baby's nursery frolic

Give me jaundice, croup and colic.

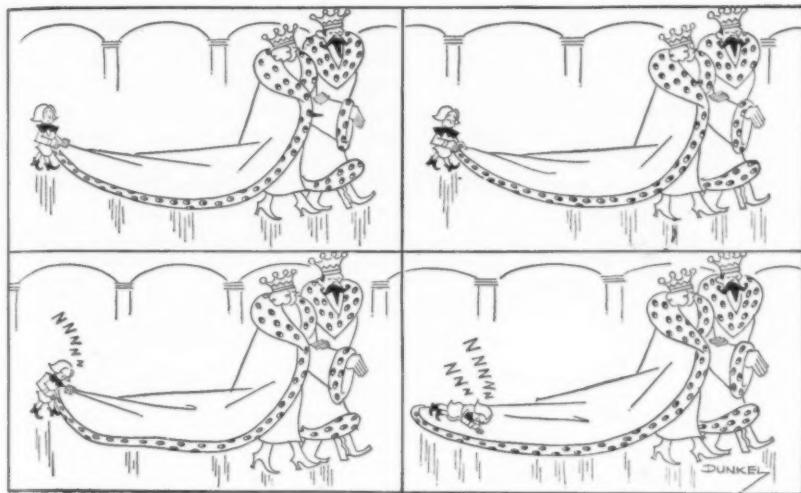
—Parke Cummings.

Let's See

A man in a Northwestern state in advertising for a lost wife gives this description: "Blonde, pretty, age 19, tattooed above both knees." But don't let this get you into trouble asking pretty blondes how old they are.



"I'd be a little afraid of myself in a suit like this!"



Lay Down, MacDuff!

"Gentlemen," Lord Siward was speaking. "This seems to me to be a foolhardy enterprise. Dunsinane Castle is heavily fortified; MacBeth has a goodly number of valiant men, and you can bet your boots he won't give up without a terrific fight!"

"Surprise is needed. If we can only sneak up on 'em when they least expect us, it will be all over before they can say Jock o' Robinson." Malcolm, Prince of Scotland, snapped his fingers by way of illustration.

MacDuff smiled quietly and said nothing. He had given orders to the soldiers to camouflage themselves with branches cut from the trees in Birnam wood. Now he went out and noted the progress of his idea. The results were more than he expected. Each soldier was completely covered with a veil of leaves. The idea would go over with a bang.

"Come, gentlemen!" said MacDuff, returning to the council. "Let's be on our way, and we will be in Dunsinane this evening."

"That's going to be tougher than you think." Said old Siward. "They'll be on us before we get within a mile of the place!"

"We can't go wrong," said MacDuff. He called them to the door and showed them the soldiers moving about in their rustic coverings. "It's a cinch!" said he, enthusiastically. "I've got the copse fixed!"

—Dana L. Cotie.

Pray and Fast

Twenty Mohammedans have arrived in New York to study our customs. If they kneel in our streets they had better do some fast praying.

Light

"Nightly the moon tells the world lovely tales of romance," says a summer hotel circular. And daily the sun comes out and calls it a liar.

No Change

"Bishop Cannon Exonerated by Committee of Pastors," says a newspaper headline. But he's still Bishop Cannon.

The Houses of Usher

Due to a shortage of commissions, 260 members of the senior class at Annapolis will have to resign from the navy on graduation, unless relief is afforded by Congress or by the Roxy or Paramount theatres.



"Darn it! I don't seem to be able to correct that slice!"

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

THE old Chinese custom of face saving, with which Mr. Hoover became so familiar during his long stay in Boxerland, is beginning to get a bit tiresome as practiced in Washington.

Joe Robinson, senator from Arkansas and outstanding dry candidate for the Democratic nomination, was one of the first to need it. He was in wrong with his followers—he being the elected Democratic leader of the Senate—from the very first day of the session.

What did he mean, his colleagues wanted to know, by daring to join a few other national Democrats in saying they would "co-operate" with the Administration? Was he trying to speak for senators? Members of that club, they insisted, had the right and the lungs to speak for themselves.

So he had to do something to show that he was really not co-operating at all. The drought situation in Arkansas provided a chance to kill two birds with one stone. He could defy the Administration, and appeal for votes at one and the same time. True, he had just been re-elected, so he need not have bothered with local political appeals, but with all these wet Roosevelts, Owen Youngs, Newton Bakers and Bob Bulkleys ca-vorting before the eyes of the unterrified Democracy, Joe just had to do something to keep himself in the news reels.

So he issued an ultimatum. There would be an extra session unless President Hoover yielded on his drought relief. Mr. Hoover had already gone pretty far in digging in on his own position, supported enthusiastically by Uncle Andy Mellon and those mysterious gentry, supposed to live in Westchester, Long Island, and the Gold Coast on Lake Michigan, called by misguided radicals, the Fat Boys.

Here was an impasse. But underlying the impasse was a curious condition. None of the regular Republicans backing the President in his position wanted an extra session. Neither did the Fat Boys. Neither did Joe Robinson, nor any of the regular Democrats. The idea of these last was very

simple. As put by one of their own Fat Boys in exhorting them in private—"This man Hoover is just as low as he can get. He cannot get any lower. The only way he can move is up. For God's sake go on home. If you stay here you will mess things up as sure as shooting. There is a man bringing you the Presidency all wrapped up in a bundle. PLEASE don't trip him."

Only the Borahs, the Norrisses and the Brookharts really wanted an extra session. So a little face saving became necessary. A compromise was reached. It was at once denounced by Wheeler, La Follette, et al, but as this is written it seems to be prevailing.

The language would seem to permit only loans through regularly established agencies, to farmers having gilt-edged collateral. That is entirely satisfactory

and hung around Washington they would make some bad political mistake. So they don't want this extra session. The President is sure if they came back they would keep embarrassing him and making him suffer. So he doesn't want it. The will to conquer seems singularly lacking. Maybe both are right.

And here is the Italian government, "Wrong Horse Harry" Stimson and General Smedley Butler, of the Marine Corps. How is that performance for a bit of face saving? The Italians learn that this fiery marine has been telling a story reflecting on the love of the Duce for children. So they want him drawn and quartered right away.

Stimson leaps to the task, apologizes all over the lot, and sets the stage for the demolition of Butler. Mussolini's face is temporarily saved. But as the date for the court-martial draws near

Butler arrays his counsel and begins to pile up ammunition. It begins to look as though the trial will be of Mussolini by proxy, with the fact to be ascertained not whether Butler was indiscreet—everyone knows that anyhow—but whether Mussolini really ran over the child and rushed off with the statement, "What is one life to the state?"

Now that is nothing for an American court-martial to be trying to decide. Signor Martino grew more and more restless as the newspapers took up the case and prepared to give columns and pictures galore to the trial. Whether he advised the Duce that he could have a little castor oil slipped privately to General Butler or not one is left to conjecture, but this trial must be called off at all hazards. And it was.

Mr. Hoover is fond of a story told him in China of how a prominent American visitor, at a dinner party, tilted his chair a little too far back, and fell sprawling. Much embarrassed, he resumed his seat. A few minutes later one of his Chinese hosts suffered the same accident. One by one they fell, until every Chinese at the table had fallen over, risking his own neck to make the guest feel at ease.

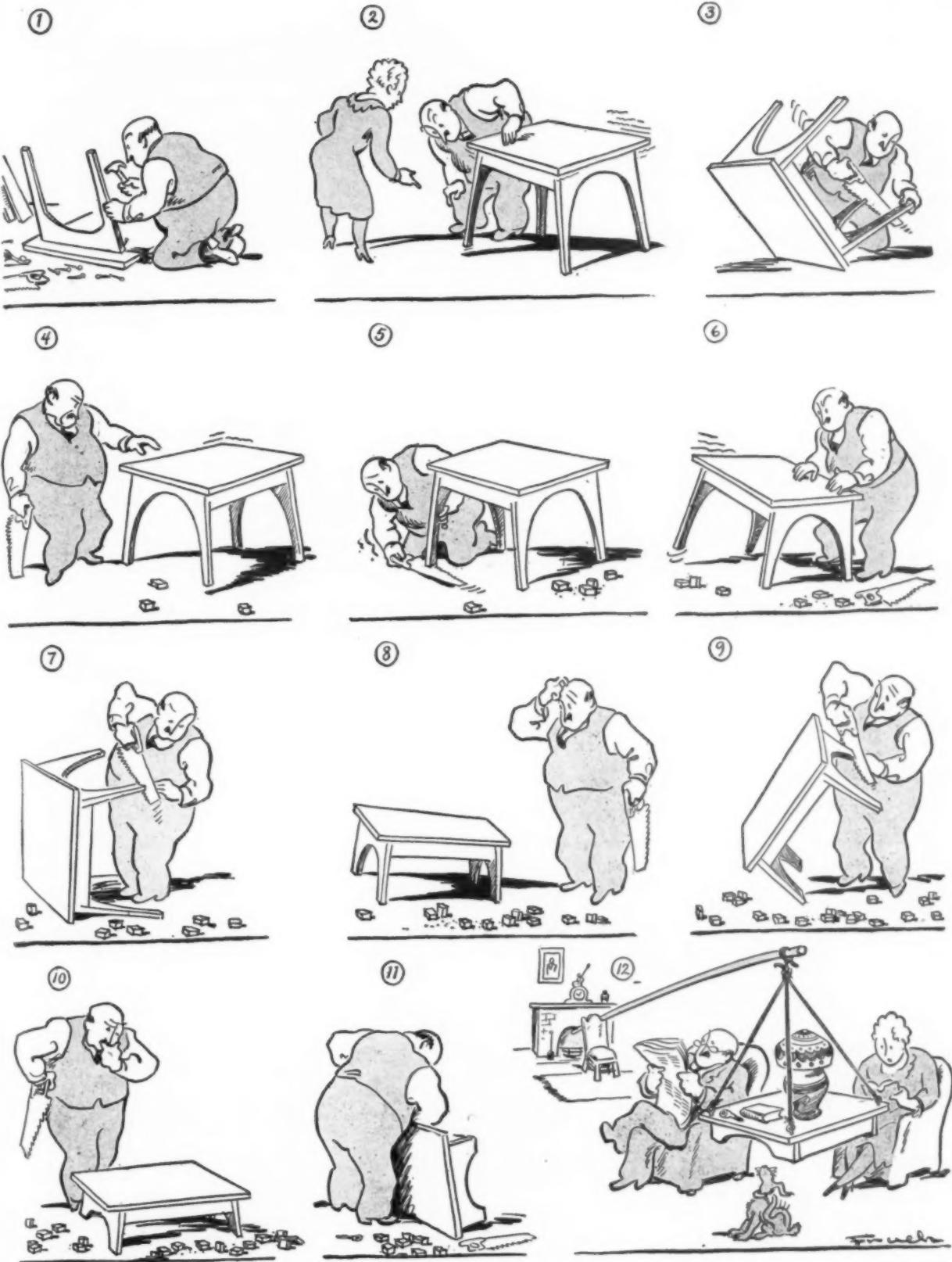
But there doesn't seem to be the same genuine kindness behind this official face saving of which we have been having an epidemic!



"What—ice cream after pickles! You can't have it!"

to the President, Mellon and the Fat Boys. But private assurances were given Joe Robinson and others that the Administration would be very "liberal" in interpreting and administering it, thus accomplishing apparently what Joe was fighting for.

So everyone is happy but the Progressives, and maybe there will be no extra session. It is rather curious, incidentally, the inferiority complex which affects both the President and the Democrats on Capitol Hill as they study this extra session problem from a purely political standpoint. The Democrats are sure if they came back



The Home Craftsman.

The Book Reviewer Reviews The World Almanac

A RECENT book that we heartily recommend to you is the World Almanac for 1931. It is certain to be one of the outstanding publications of recent date, for nowhere at any time have we seen anything that comes up to it in sheer human appeal. In its nine hundred pages it runs the gamut of human emotions and the reader feels after the last page has been turned that he has just lived through a great experience.

The versatility and range of expression of the author is little short of amazing. And its helter-skelter leaps from the zenith of beatitude to the nadir of despair seem almost to be written by a Sophoclean pen. In its pages is traced, as it were, the history of a nation, and the chronicling is done with such a wealth of illusion that the Almanac assumes the proportions of a great work.

As an example of the at times sombre mood of the book take this excerpt:

GRADE CROSSING ACCIDENTS

ON RAILWAYS.

	1924	1925	1926
Killed.....	2,149	2,206	2,491
Injured.....	6,526	6,555	6,991

The simplicity of it and yet the stark realism it conveys! There are many examples of this terse Hemingwayan prose throughout the book, but they are happily relieved by touches like this:

AUTO TAX REPEALED.

The excise tax on automobiles was repealed. The tax on the use



"This one will do, send it C. O. D."

of foreign built boats was repealed to take effect July 1.

or this felicitous bit:

The Pact of Paris renouncing war as an instrument of national policy was signed in Paris, August 27, 1928, by the plenipotentiaries of fifteen nations.

or again this:

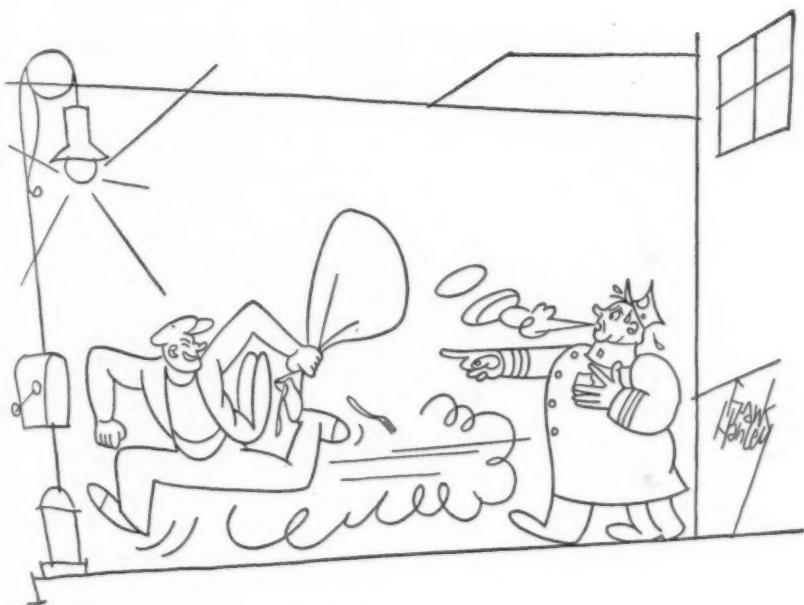
There is now one automobile for every sixty-one persons, or sixteen vehicles per thousand of population; and in the United States there is one car for every five persons, according to figures collected by the United States commerce Dept.

For sheer pagan exultation this has

not been equalled since the days of John Donne.

If there is a fault to be found in the Almanac it is perhaps in the lavish accumulation of detail. As in the case of such well-known writers as Dreiser and Lewis this over-scrupulousness borders at times upon monotony. But so wisely has the material been handled, comedy and pathos combined, that the World Almanac is truly an epic of man's progress. It is safe to say that it will be the most quoted book of the season. Although none of the Book Clubs is sponsoring it the World Almanac is more than the book of the month. It is the Book of the Year!

—Arthur Silverblatt.



"Oh, all right—but don't forget to put it on your Income Tax!"

Herring, Maybe

It's just idle curiosity on our part, but we often wonder what our Jewish brethren call their bum actors?

Similarity

"The Great Pyramid in Egypt," we read, "weighs six million tons." In other respects, however, it differs from a portable typewriter.

Bail Out The Country

Colonel Woodcock's Bureau of Prohibition is asking for 500 more field representatives. The idea seems to be to drink the bootleggers out of business.

Alibi

Near Atlanta, Ga., a pig that had been eating mash led some officers to a still. We are told the owner of the still will claim he was raising pickled pigs' feet.

Coitainly

A new seventeen-story apartment house is being erected in Brooklyn. No doubt it will be heated by erboiners.

Foresight

Congress has appropriated \$45,000,000 to keep the farmers from having such a hard time last summer.

Cutting Down Cutting

"Because of the long drought," says a New York newspaper, "the city's water supply is very low." There is talk of asking the bootleggers to use less in their Scotch.



"We're sorry we can't use your confession. Mr. Brown says you haven't lived enough!"

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

SOMEBODY, probably Bugs Baer, has said that the business of living results mainly in the personal proving of the platitudes about life. As children, we wrote in copybooks innumerable repetitions of statements which meant little to us at the time beyond the achievement of a Spencerian slant which, if a defection in individuality had permitted its formal aspect to stamp our chiropgraphy, would subsequently have made us suspects of being *cum laude* night school graduates. As the shadows began to lengthen, we learned that many of these homely, uninteresting precepts were true. Honesty being the best policy, for instance. All of which is preliminary to the flat pronouncement that we take to the theatre, as well as to life, exactly what we have ourselves, and when you take as much as I took to "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," you need a bucket.

Mrs. Browning has long been for me the world's outstanding heroine. Compared to her, even after reading De Quincey, Joan of Arc was a piker. It is all very well to have a fine steed, a bevy of soldiers, and a neurasthenic conviction that God has spoken to you in arboreal retreats through a medium which Lee De Forest would dismiss today as entirely void of commercial value. It is quite another thing to be racked by illness, and to maintain, throughout a physical anguish which is literary history, a spirit which prompts you to set down so much as a simple declarative sentence. What Mrs. Browning set down, in spite of childhood memories of padded editions for the parlour table, is what we all know, and what few of us, in this age of Texas Guinans and Belle Livingstones, have the courage to admit to ourselves. Nobody has ever written about love as she wrote about it, although she was constrained in the middle of the last century by an obligation to a form which makes some of her pronouns and verbs sound a little out of place to the modern ear. (And that, if you please, for the modern ear!)

Before I go completely maudlin, it may be wise to quote what a wise man once said of her: "When she failed, it was because she missed her foothold—never because she funk'd the leap." (If Guthrie McClintic is reading this article, I want to reassure him that I thought "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was swell. And also remind him about the buckets).

I began to bawl in Thirty-ninth Street where, because of a traffic congestion superinduced by the opera line, there was time and opportunity to quote "Sonnets from the Portuguese." I got through "When our two souls stand up erect and strong" rather creditably, and even managed "Accuse me not, beseech thee," but when I came to "Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand," etc., the tears were so unrestrained that the gentleman beside me,

whom he had previously inquired in verse at a publisher's rate, there is no denying the validity of their affection, just as there is no denying the quality of the woman who fulfilled his spiritual need. Miss Cornell plays Elizabeth Barrett splendidly in this connection, and if the play to which her family has given its title seems at moments to be more concerned with the tyranny of a father under whose influence she lived out most of her earlier years, she manages to project the personality which causes many of us old-timers to break down. Mrs. Browning brought to love exactly what many of us would like to think we bring to life, and to the theatre. We don't speak much about it, because we are inarticulate. Mrs. Browning said plenty, and said it with almost incredible beauty. And Miss Cornell,

for the first time in several seasons, has a part which is worthy of her exquisite sense of interpretation, and plays it, with very little conversation on her part, up to what a thorough unacademician would call the hilt.

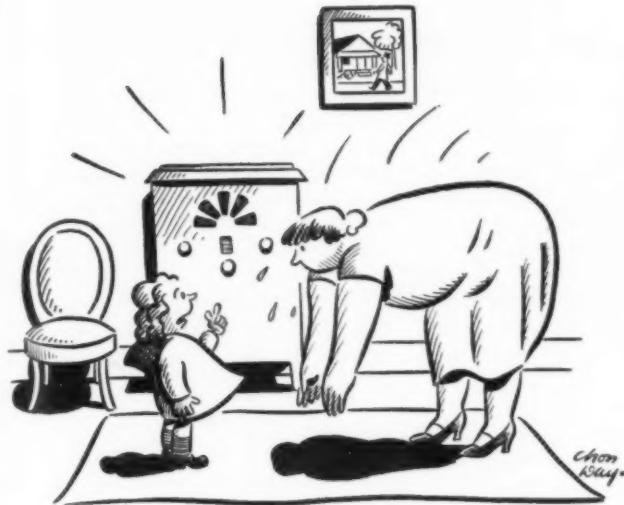


"What do you expect me to be—Dorothy Parker?"

who happened to be my husband, and who had maintained a manly and calm politeness up to the moment, was fearsome that casual observers might suspect me of a splendid afternoon in a speakeasy, and ushered me into the Empire with a fine disregard of late diners and the portraits of the Frohman stars. (If Guthrie McClintic is still reading this piece, I want to tell him that I think Katherine Cornell gave a beautiful performance as Elizabeth Barrett.)

WE ALL have our own ideas about the Brownings, and I think we are entitled to them. Many of our memories, gathered during adolescent days, are inaccurate, but disregarding Robert, with his lemon-colored gloves and unflattering conversational references to Shelley, about the plain vision of

SHE LIVED NEXT TO THE FIRE-HOUSE promised through its publicity to take us back to the gay nineties, a period to which I have an undying devotion. But the emphasis was not, unfortunately, on the reproduction of an epoch. It was centered on the giddy wife of a traveling salesmen who took the minds of an entire engine company so completely off their work that they might well have been individual Neros, with Rome burning around them. The captain of the company, Victor Moore, bore the brunt of what comedy there was with the competence for which he is justly celebrated. But it takes more than a narrow waist, a bicycle, and several men with tight coats and aggressive mustachios to reproduce for me the days when I was very young, so I am obliged to report that this execrably titled play contributes nothing to reawaken pleasant memories or to mitigate the asperities of contemporary existence.



"What will he say if you don't do it?"

The drought relief program is coming along nicely. Permits have been granted for making 4,000,000 gallons of medicinal whiskey in 1931.

"What is a promoter?" asks a writer. Well, a promoter is a man who cheers first and hopes to find out why later.

A Pekingese bit three persons in a hotel lobby in Hollywood. Must we have bread lines for Pekingese?

"Dieting," advises a physician, "may be carried to extremes." There comes to mind a friend who caught a five-pound trout that weighed only eight ounces.

The remains of a camp fire, said to be 20,000 years old, have been found in the Sunset Mountains in Nevada. Does this answer the question: Where was the Wickersham Commission?

Home Suite Home

We are calmly content to be paying our rent
For the pat little flat that we prize.
Yes, the bedroom is small; we've no kitchen at all
And the foyer is much under size.
There's a nine by twelve rug in our living room snug
That can only hold six at the most;
And, to tell you the truth, any telephone booth
Is as large as the closet we boast.

We have tables that fold, hidden book-shelves that hold
Many gadgets, from garters to pans;
Yet we're happy to be in our bailiwick wee
And contented with cuisine in cans.
Though I cannot deny that we frequently sigh
For the mansions we see as we roam,
We're delighted, at that, to return to our flat
That has all the discomforts of home!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



"Hey, officer, this'd be the corner I'm lookin' for, wouldn't it—
three blocks up an' two to me left?"

Movies • by Harry Evans

"City Lights"

AFTER three years of careful preparation, Charles Spencer Chaplin's film, "City Lights" has reached the screen, and in our opinion it is well worth the wait. The point which seems to be the primary point for discussion is the fact that there is no conversation in "City Lights." The success of this silent film does not mean Mr. Chaplin has proven that the talkies are inadequate or unnecessary . . . it merely proves again what we have known only too well . . . that Mr. Chaplin's knowledge of pantomime is so profound that the medium through which he expresses his art is secondary. While the arguments are raging to and fro as to the relative merits of this film and the better talkies, it may be well to remember that the stage has a parallel in the person of Ruth Draper. Miss Draper can take a bare stage and a chair, and without the use of a single line of conversation amuse an audience for an entire evening.

"City Lights" presents some of the most amusing comedy and moving pathos ever filmed.

With the passing of years Mr. Chaplin's sense of comedy takes on added depth and color. His art is a difficult

thing to analyze, but as a feeble effort we would say this:

Mr. Chaplin's comedy is born of human understanding . . . a comedy that makes you laugh from the heart more than from the abdomen, and leaves such a thin partition between the two organs that you are ever receptive to his sudden transitions from smiles to tears.

Perhaps the most appealing characteristic of this little tramp figure is his spirit of good sportsmanship. He is the living embodiment of the old wheeze about "the man worth while is the man who can smile" . . . Fate has kicked him in the pants until the ragged little trousers seem to be holding their own by nothing more material than the indomitable spirit of their owner—a spirit that can make you forget the safety pins and patches and cause the tattered garments to take on an air of superlative gentility.

The story is not unlike a picture that Harry Langdon did some time ago . . . the love of a ragged tramp for a blind girl. The big difference comes at the end of the film . . . and wait until you see the Chaplin finish. Sitting directly in front of this reviewer was one of the hardest-boiled dramatic

critics in New York, and there were unmistakable tears in the gentleman's eyes, of which he seemed singularly unashamed. The picture closes with surprising abruptness, so we warn you to keep a handkerchief ready.

It might spoil some of your fun to discuss the gags in detail, so we will just make appreciative mention of a few. The outstanding situation is the millionaire who, when he is drunk, takes Charley to his home and treats him like a brother—but when he sobers up, fails to recognize the tramp and has him kicked out of the house. The gag runs through the film, and never fails to get a big laugh. It is grand comedy and (if you care to look for it) presents a fine touch of satire on fair-weather friendships.

OTHER situations deserving mention are the prize fight scene, during which Charley manages to keep the referee between him and his opponent; the cigar-lighting episode; the business of trying to concentrate on the statue of a horse in a store window while he steals guarded glances at a statue of a nude; stepping from a Rolls Royce to pick up a cigar butt; the first scene—the public unveiling of a statue—the sound of the voices of grandiloquent speakers represented by musical instruments—then the unveiling which finds Charley asleep in the arms of the statue.

One thing we did not like, and can see no excuse for its being left in the film, is the scene in which Charley acts effeminate while a pugilist is undressing. Bad taste and entirely out of step with the picture. There are one or two other touches that are suggestive of smut, but are excusable.

A great amount of credit is due Harry Myers for the support he offers the star in the rôle of the drunken millionaire. Superb performance. Virginia Cherrill as the blind girl, Florence Lee as her mother, and Hank Mann as the prize fighter are also excellent.

An indication of the success of "City Lights" in New York can be estimated from the boxoffice. The daily receipts have averaged nearly ten thousand dollars—with hundreds of people being turned away. Mr. Chaplin will undoubtedly make another two or three millions from this film—and deserves to. He is a very great artist.



"Who was that woman I sawed you with last night?"

The Modern Dictionary

Backset, n. A relapse, such as that suffered by prosperity when it becomes necessary to pay the bills for it.

Mine, adj. That which belongs to me, in the singular or bachelor number. When the plural is formed, *mine* becomes *ours*, according to the grammarians. Actually, however, it becomes *hers*.

Quaint, adj. Pleasing by reason of its oddness, as the quaint speech of the very proper lady who reproved her youthful heir for using "quaint" instead of "quisn't."

Republicanism, n. The sociological theory that governing officials should be chosen from among the rank and file. In actual practice, however, it appears that the former are too well represented.

Sniffle, v. i. The disturbance created by a woman enjoying herself at a movie.

Tip, n. The end of anything. Sometimes, as in a stock market tip, the end of everything.

—Asia Kagowan.



WIFE: *Don't mind him, Mrs. Van Slyke—he had an unhappy childhood.*

Danger

The president of a girls' college in Georgia has ruled the students must not smoke on the campus. We are told he fears they might set fire to some of the old traditions.

And Paper Manners

"The paper napkin saves your fine linen for more elaborate parties," says a column of household hints. There's a demand for paper tuxedoes.

Collections Are Bad

"Starting a collection of rare coins is not difficult," says a writer. Starting a collection of ordinary coins is, of course, another matter.

Don't Do It

An unemployment relief committee proposes that all married women working outside the home be discharged. There are enough causes for divorce without this.



"I don't care if he does love you. He's playing the devil with my painting!"

Elbows As Assets

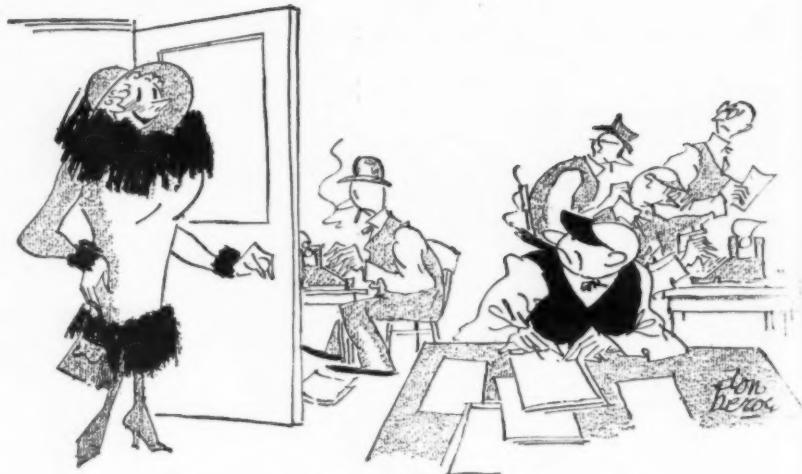
THE population of the earth, roughly, is 1,900,000,000. From this we estimate there are approximately 3,800,000,000 elbows actually in use today. One readily perceives the importance of the elbow.

Then why do we not hear it praised? Well, here's why: The elbow comes in for so much criticism that we ignore its true value.

I contend, and hope to prove, that without their 3,800,000,000 elbows the inhabitants of the earth would be greatly surprised. I say, and shall strive to show you, that without your two elbows you would be very much astounded.

It is true that much of the criticism of elbows is justified. They are in the way on a dance floor. In restaurants one hears the expression: "You've got your elbow in the gravy." There's nothing to be done with them on a crowded street car. In packed movie aisles one hears: "Get your elbow out of my eye." It usually is an elbow that you strike against the sharp corners of furniture. At summer resorts one hears: "I got my elbow's so sunburned I had to eat dinner off the mantel."

At the same time let us consider the elbows of a Japanese General.



"Hello, Big Boy! I've come in to bare my soul!"

His men are drawn up on the side of a hill. He gives the order to advance against the enemy. Up the hill sweep the brave soldiers. There's a lot of shooting and shouting and all of that. You can get the idea from the movies. The enemy hurls them back. They reform their lines and again are repulsed. Again and again they struggle until only the General is left alive. Now how is he going to commit hara-kiri if he has no elbows? One readily sees the importance of elbows in Japan.

The scene shifts to a jungle in Africa. Lions roar. Monkeys chatter. Look

out; don't step on that water moccasin! Elephants gallop here and there perfectly at home. An explorer is battling his way to the nearest human habitation many miles away. He is walking through a swamp. He falls but rises again. Now he is down again. The quicksand has him. Only his helmet can be seen bobbing like a turtle on the surface of the jungle waters. You've seen it in the movies. What is that behind that tree? Well, it's a savage. The savage rescues the explorer, wrings him out and sets him on the right road. The following Christmas the explorer sends the savage a box of cigars. Now how is that savage going to light one of those cigars if he has no elbows? To me the importance of elbows in Africa is astounding.



"These imported movie actresses never seem to absorb our culture!"

WE ARE in the United States. You are on a train going from Seattle to San Francisco. Why you are making the trip doesn't matter. You are on the train and you are sitting there looking out the window. Villages, cities, trees, mountains and all sorts of things pass. A figure in a white coat comes through the train and announces dinner is served in the diner. You make your way through the coaches toward the diner. Just before you reach it, while you are on the platform of the very next car, you get a cinder in your eye. Now how would you rub that eye if you had no elbows? One sees the importance of elbows in the United States.

We'll say you are in your own home. You get the idea. You realize the importance, etc. —Tom Sims.

Great Minds at Work



If in beginning, if in a beginning, I begin to be connectedly and carefully and collectedly if I agree, if in beginning I agree, then I agree you agree and we agree.

—Gertrude Stein.

Of course the Americans are barbarians.

—Count Hermann Keyserling.

I wish I didn't have this wealth.
—Tom Mix.

There seems to be more general interest in Thornton Wilder, Ernest Hemingway and Hugh Walpole than there is in boxers, golfers and ball players. —William Lyon Phelps.

Women are never what you expect them to be. —Arthur Brisbane.

Bridge is a sucker game.
—Sidney Lenz.

I'm not brilliant as far as book learning goes. —Clara Bow.

Cheerless homes produce morbid minds. —Herbert Hoover.

There is nothing new in the world. Everything that happens is nothing more or less than history repeating itself. —Alfred E. Smith.

Cocktails do have a certain social function. —Stanley High.

Rudy Vallée is God's gift to the American working girl.
—Texas Guinan.

There is increased public purchasing power due to prohibition which has benefited the farmer.

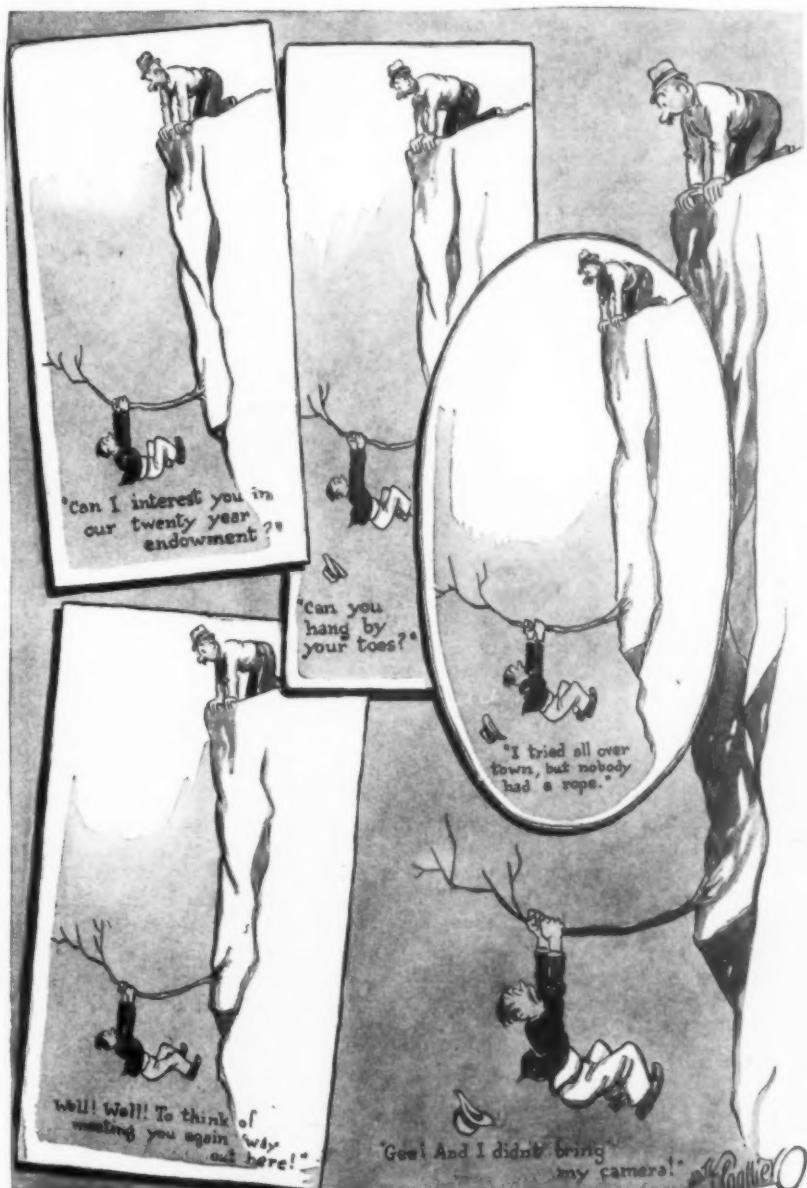
—The W. C. T. U.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined

- (1) Scramble robes with an *m* and get dark.
- (2) Scramble mother with an *s* and get a hot water bottle.
- (3) Scramble beads with an *a* and get low.
- (4) Scramble surliest with an *f* and get futile.
- (5) Scramble baiter with a *v* and get a way to reduce.

(Answers on Page 31)



The Over-the-Cliff joke to end all Over-the-Cliff jokes.



OMAHA, NEB.—Ralph Costanzo expresses his love somewhat violently, but none the less effectively.

When Eunice Downs, nineteen years old, refused to go to a show with him, Costanzo blacked one eye for her and then spanked her.

After that he drove around the block where Eunice lived, shooting at the windows of her home.

About that time Eunice apparently became convinced that Costanzo really did love her, so the two eloped to Fremont and were married.

SAN FRANCISCO—Alfred Dees, convicted of liquor possession, was given a sentence of \$500, or 200 days in jail. He protested he didn't have \$500; and 200 days in jail would ruin his business. So the judge inquired as to what his business was. "Bootlegging," was the answer. He was allowed forty-eight hours to raise the cash.

EMPORIA, KAN.—It seems there can be circumstances under which women will reveal their weights. A movie put scales at the box office, admitting women over 160 pounds, free. Deadheads totalled twenty-one tons.

MOUNTAIN HOME, ARK.—Necessity has long been the mother of invention, so when Arkansas' corn crop failed this year moonshiners in the hills near here reverted to the use of turnips in the making of moonshine whiskey.

Now the pink moonshine is on sale in the hills and those who know pronounce that the whiskey is "good stuff," although not quite as good as "corn."

The new whiskey is being sold at a standard price of \$3 a gallon. The price of turnips has skyrocketed since the moonshiners began using them to make whiskey.

CHICAGO—At the annual dentists' meeting, false teeth were displayed which are designed to withstand boot-leg liquor. They are made of wipla, a new alloy stronger and lighter than gold or platinum.

Life at Home And Abroad

MEXICO CITY—The United States is still making whiskey for popular consumption, but not within its own boundaries. Many of the huge distilleries of pre-Volstead days which functioned in the States are now operating in Mexico. Most of the ingredients used in the manufacture of alcoholic drinks in Mexico are being purchased in the United States. Two of the principal distilleries in Mexico, the D. and M., and the D. and W., formerly operated in Kentucky.



"Gosh, Joe, there ain't no justice!"

PARIS—French overseas missionaries report that Hollywood is "spoiling the morals" of Africa's savage tribes.

After the showing of an American war film to the tribesmen there was an almost immediate outbreak of hostilities between rival camps and enemies who had been quiet for years.

The African, who rubs the nose of his beloved, finds lip-kissing exceedingly bad taste and the black crowds howl with disgust at scenes of embraces fifty feet of film long.

The missionaries urged the churches to make moral films with religious and educational themes.

SALFORD CITY, ENGLAND—Police solved the problem of disposing of their old helmets when they learned West African natives needed them before they could be considered members of society.

LONDON—It is possible in Belfast, through arrangements with the post-office department, to become a human parcel and be expressed to any part of the city at the rate of about six cents a mile. Messengers are employed for this service. They call for and deliver the human "packages" to the desired destination.

PARIS—The advent of the "crying towel" in Harry's New York Bar is the latest effort to accommodate the more tearful of the business pessimists abroad.

These towels of paper are available on the bar to any who desire to weep—and there are those in increasing numbers in Paris since the New York stock market crash and the subsequent months of depression.

MOSCOW—College sports have been suspended at the University of Tomsk, Siberia, where the thermometer registers ninety-four degrees below zero, which aside from the paralyzing cold, makes breathing more difficult in the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain top. All trains on the Trans-Siberian railroad are reported either snow or frost bound or many hours late.

LONDON—Guests with side whiskers who enter one hotel in Kensington are likely to have an embarrassing moment.

This hotel has just issued an order that all waiters without side whiskers must grow them at once to make them easily distinguishable. Before there had been some trouble telling the servants from the patrons.

PEIPING, CHINA—Wang Pa-fang has been caught transporting opium in his father's skull.

The elder Wang was buried in distant Kansu Province. His son recently visited there ostensibly to bring back his father's body for burial in the family plot. However, it was discovered that he also packed a quantity of opium in the skeleton and sold the drug as he travelled.

Our Foolish Contemporaries



Our Local Fire Brigade receives a call in the middle of its Annual Fancy Dress Ball.
—*Passing Show.*

A certain African tribe carries on conversation by means of grunts. Over here that sort of thing only happens at breakfast.

—*London Opinion.*

"Yes, she's engaged to an Irishman."
"Oh, really?"

"Yes, but I think he pronounces it O'Reilly."

—*Tit-Bits.*

The vicar had a certain truculent woman parishioner noted for her fondness for a drop of gin. One day she went to church hiccupping with painful distinctness. The parson bore it for a few moments, then looking at the verger, he exclaimed publicly, "Smith, kindly remove that person from the church."

Smith rose reluctantly to obey. The congregation held its breath, expecting a scene, but to their relief the woman rose and left without a murmur. After the service the vicar congratulated his verger on the tactful way in which he had removed the culprit. "How did you manage it?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said the verger, "I just went to her and whispered: 'Come on, ma; come out and have one wi' me.'"

—*London Tailor.*

People who live in glass houses must be tired of reading funny paragraphs about themselves.

—*Everybody's Weekly.*

"Your son in college ordered these photographs from me."

"Ah, yes. Well, well, they certainly look very like him, very like. Has he paid for them?"

"No, sir, he has not."

"Hum-m-m. Still more like him."

—*Boston University Beanpot.*

Mary Pickford says that if she had her life to live over again she would not be a moving picture star and would shun a career. The delicatessen dealers had a word for it.

—*New York Evening Sun.*

She stopped to gaze in at the window of the big clotnier's shop, and her eyes caught sight of a high-priced fur coat.

"Darling, that reminds me," she said to her husband. "I'll be needing a new fur soon."

"What!" he cried. "But I only bought you that fur you're wearing two seasons ago."

"Yes, dear," she replied soothingly, "but you must remember that the fox wore it three seasons first."

—*Answers.*

"The man who can call a wooden hut an ideal home," said a judge last week, "I should describe as an idiot." We should refer to him as a real estate agent.

—*The Humorist.*

A hardened character indeed is "Boots" McBiffley. He refers to the patrol wagon as his town-car.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*



"Uncle, can I have something to sit on? I'm not tall enough for my straw."
—*Punch (by permission).*

From Life's



SKIPPY: Well, I suppose ya heard the good news?
"Ya mean the gas house they're goin' to build?"



SKIPPY: Yeh.
"I don't see what good that's goin' to do us, though."



SKIPPY: Ya don't! Look at the tough name we'll get.

Reprinted from LIFE, July 23, 1925

Skippy

Family Album



"See, I only got two teeth in front, Skippy—I'll show ya what I can do with them."



"See, I put a rubber band around 'em and play as nice a tune as ya get in oppree—that's more'n you can do."



"Don't ya wish you could do this?"



Reprinted from LIFE, August 20, 1925
SKIPPY: Don't ya wish you could do this?

Skippy

Confidential Guide

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★**GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$3.85—Last year's Pulitzer prize play. The negro's idea of the Bible story beautifully and amusingly done.
- ★**THAT'S GRATITUDE.** *John Golden.* \$3.00—Allan Dinehart in a hilarious small-town comedy by Frank Craven.
- ★**ONCE IN A LIFETIME.** *Music Box.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Uproarious satire spoofing Hollywood and the talkies—with one of the authors—George Kaufman—in the cast.
- ★**THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.** *Harris.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Zoe Akins' entertaining comedy of three ex-chorines.
- ★**MRS. MOONLIGHT.** *Little.* \$4.40—The sad and charming story of a lady unable to look her age. With Edith Barrett, Haidee Wright and Guy Standing.
- ★**PAGAN LADY.** *48th Street.* \$3.85—Lenore Ulric stirs up a preacher and a bootlegger with a bit of husky voiced luring.
- ★**ON THE SPOT.** *Forrest.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Edgar Wallace's burlesque melodrama of our Chicago gangsters. With Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong.
- ★**ELIZABETH THE QUEEN.** *Martin Beck.* \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt continue to make this historical romance something not to be missed.
- GRAND HOTEL.** *National.* \$4.40—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Continental hotel. But—try and get tickets.
- ★**TONIGHT OR NEVER.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Mr. Belasco's diverting comedy with Helen Gahagan as an opera singer willing to "live" for her art's sake.
- ★**THE VINEGAR TREE.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Mary Boland portrays the middle-aged lady whose romantic imagination for the past gets her into romantic difficulties in the present.
- ★**OH PROMISE ME!** *Royale.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Lee Tracy shows how an elderly—though temporarily innocent—philanderer can be successfully blackmailed.
- ★**PETTICOAT INFLUENCE.** *Lyceum.* \$3.85—drawing room comedy wherein Helen Hayes wangles a diplomatic post for her husband.
- ★**THE TRUTH GAME.** *Barrymore.* \$3.85—Ivor Novello—author and leading man—pursues the charming Phoebe Foster while Billie Burke and Viola Tree do fancy work.
- ★**FIVE STAR FINAL.** *Cort.* \$3.85—Most exciting melodrama in town. Vigorous attack on the tabloid scandal sheet. With Arthur Byron as the editor.
- ★**PHILIP GOES FORTH.** *Biltmore.* \$3.85—A straightforward, clean comedy of a young man with ambitions to be a playwright.
- ★**TOMORROW AND TOMORROW.** *Henry Miller.* \$3.85—Philip Barry's hit show of a restless woman with thwarted maternal instinct. With Zita Johann, Herbert Marshall and Osgood Perkins.
- ★**ANATOL.** *Booth.* \$3.00—Joseph Schildkraut portrays the prodigiously amorous young man of Schnitzler's farce. Beautifully and effectively staged.

★**GREEN GROW THE LILACS.** *Guild.* \$3.00—Indian territory in the early 1900's. With Helen Westley, June Walker and Franchot Tone. And fifteen cowboys do some great singing.

★**AS YOU DESIRE ME.** *Maxine Elliott's.* \$3.85—Pirandello's disturbing play with Judith Anderson as the lady of doubtful identity.

★**PRIVATE LIVES.** *Times Square.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Noel Coward—author and leading man—with Gertrude Lawrence—and a successful three months' run in London.

★**THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOL STREET.** *Empire.* \$3.85—Katharine Cornell in a play based on the lives of Edith Barrett and Robert Browning.

★**DR. X. HUDSON.** \$3.00—A mystery play with May Vokes, Howard Lang and Eden Gray.

★**YOU SAID IT.** *Chanin's 46th Street.* \$4.40—The new collegiate revue with pep featuring Lou Holtz.

★**STUDENT PRINCE.** *Majestic.* \$2.50—Revival of this favorite operetta.

★**AMERICA'S SWEETHEART.** *Broadhurst.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Another haw-haw at Hollywood—set to music. With Jack Whiting and Jeanne Aubert.

★**THE GANG'S ALL HERE.** *Imperial.*—A galaxy of stars including Ted Healy, Zelma O'Neal, and Ruth Tester. Book by Russell Crouse.

Records

Columbia

"**BLUE PACIFIC MOONLIGHT**"—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians do a realistic bit in water colors. *and*

"**YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL ME**"—A swell foxtrot of Donaldson's, played by the same orchestra. Recommended.

"**OVERNIGHT**"—Ruth Etting singing a hit from "Sweet and Low". Highly entertaining. *and*

"**REACHING FOR THE MOON**"—The same lady has astronomical ambitions. Interesting rhythmic changes.

"**IF YOU'RE HAPPY, I'LL BE GLAD**" *and*

"**SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON**"—Art Gillham and his patter. Excused for some measures of clarinet, and the assistance of The Ron-doliers in the last number.

Victor

"**LOVE FOR SALE**" *and*

"**WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?**" (both from "The New Yorkers")—Waring's Pennsylvanians—assisted by the Three Waring Girls who have little-teeny-ooh-oo-oohing way-up harmonizing down to a fine point. One of the best recent releases.

"**SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL**"—Bennie Moten and His Kansas City Orchestra reminds us that this tune is still one of the hottest. *and*

"**WON'T YOU BE MY BABY**"—Some more heat.

"**CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL**" (*Sweet and Low*) *and*

"**SWEET JENNIE LEE**"—The National Cavaliers quartette disclose a few more rhythmic and harmonic changes for these numbers.

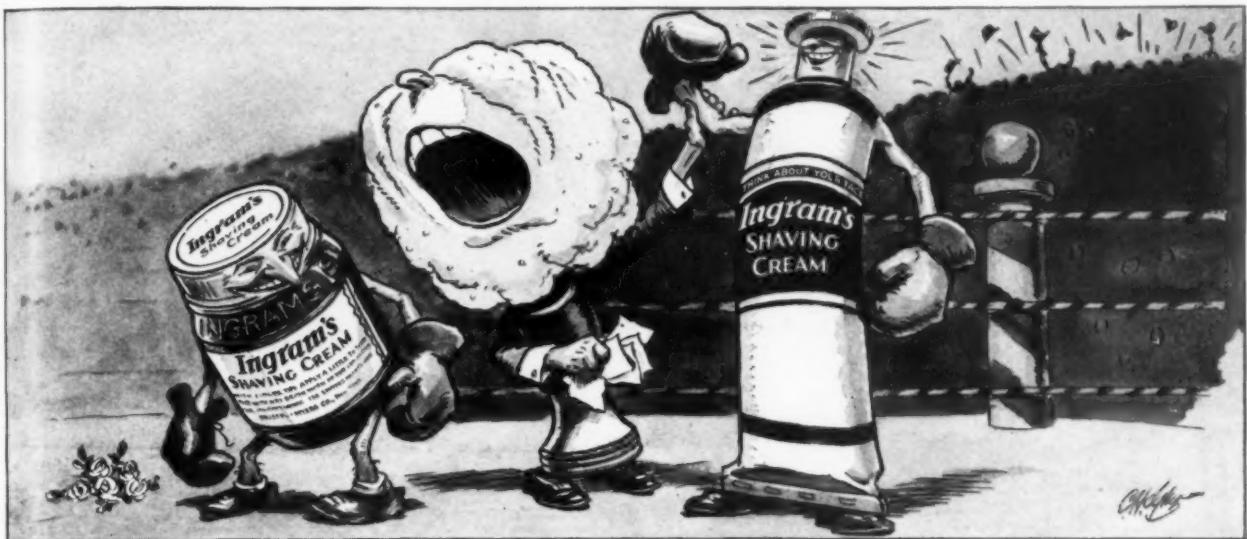
Sheet Music

"**Blue Pacific Moonlight**" (*No show*)
"By Special Permission Of The Copyright Owners I Love You" (*The Gang's All Here*)

"**Doin' The Sigma Chi**" (*No show*)
"**Takes Two**" (*No show*)
"**Walkin' My Baby Back Home**" (*No show*)
"**The Candy Vendor**" (*By the author of The Peanut Vendor*)

the Winner

OF THE HOT FIGHT ABOUT COOL SHAVES!



THE TUBE WON BUT THE JAR PUT UP A GREAT FIGHT!

THE great Ingram contest is over. The judges are out of their huddle. And 328 lucky contestants are richer by \$5,000.00.

We congratulate the prize winners on the splendid quality of their entries. We salute thousands of other contestants whose entries showed clear thinking and business sense.

The famous Ingram jar, too, can be proud of its showing. The tube just nosed it out with sales of 1,338,536 as compared to 1,328,827 for the jar. The combined 1930 sales were 2,667,363. The 1929 sales were 1,992,998 jars. One thing is certain — we'll continue to make both the jar and the tube.

For the contest clearly proved that both have many thousands of loyal supporters.

Have you ever tried Ingram's? You can get either the jar or the tube at your druggist's. Either will give you the coolest, smoothest shave you've ever had, and your face will be grateful all your life.

Ingram's Shaving Cream awards \$5,000.00 in prizes!

Liberty Magazine, judges of the contest, have chosen the following winners.

1st Prize of \$1,000.00 . . . Dr. A. D. Singer, 219 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
2nd Prize of \$500.00 . . . Jacob C. Pugh, 4202 Colonial Ave., Norfolk, Va.
3rd Prize of \$250.00 . . . Chan S. Ray 1001 Lexington Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

And 325 more lucky winners get \$10.00 each

ALABAMA, J. M. Chucknow, Arthur Cundy, A. Lawrence Falls, George R. Gold, Patrick Hart, M. H. F. Kendrick, Arthur W. Wadham, Margaret Knapp Wise.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Capt. Warren J. Clear, Mrs. W. W. Holloway, Mrs. Wilbur La Rue, John D. Reilly, Jr., Jno. Ritchie, Jr., Major William Scully.
FLORIDA, Mrs. E. B. Ferguson, Hunter Lynde, A. Wm. Morrison, James B. Parker, Jr., Walter G. Walker.
GEORGIA, R. M. Aldrich, Clifford L. Holland.
IDAHO, J. S. Mackenzie, Warren Truitt.
ILLINOIS, Harry F. Admire, Dr. Louis L. Anshutz, John H. D. Bierzel, Richard Brown, Henry Bruno, John Herman Dorschner, W. T. Holliday, Wm. R. Johnston, H. G. Lackee, J. W. Magill, Lewis E. Milesell.
INDIANA, A. D. Bowman, Robert G. Hartman, L. W. Horning, T. E. Jarrard, J. E. McCarthy, Hugh Malcolm McCormick.
IOWA, Dr. Milton M. Hardling, Miss Mamie Hulett, A. C. Pace, Leslie Thompson.
KANSAS, B. C. Andrew, Wm. G. Clary, Capt. Edmund W. Hill, True E. Robbins.
KENTUCKY, L. R. Gleaves, Arthur Peter, W. E. Smith.
LOUISIANA, John L. Scales, B. E. Wilson.
MAINE, Paul L. Lord.
MARYLAND, Solon S. Bloom, William Randolph, A. L. Roschach, Karl W. Schlitz, Louis Vogle.
MASSACHUSETTS, Robert Appleton, Charles F. Berry, J. C. Bolt, Stanley C. Brennan, Percy S. Brown, Ernest A. Carney, William A. Coo, Wm. T. Doherty, Patrick Lanciane, Patrick J. Logue, Horace S. Main, J. F. Norton, Edward F. O'Brien.
MICHIGAN, Frank J. Bach, Lee L. Callahan, Chas. A. Colombo, Al Correlli, Robert J. Johnston, Frederick S. Randall, Arthur H. Sidebotham, Henry H. Steck, Max Weinberg, Elia A. Westeen.
MINNESOTA, Arthur P. Bach, Joseph Berandt, Percy J. Burningham, Mrs. Frank Dziuk, F. W. Grimes, Henry E. Hartman, William E. Higgins, George H. Kuhnen, A. W. Olson, Wm. H. W. Rieke, D. L. Stockdill.
MISSISSIPPI, Lieut. G. H. Butler.
MISSOURI, Philip S. Barnes, Roy C. Bretz, Dean E. Covart, Francis M. Curlee, A. E. Davison, Dr. J. Phil Edmundson, Henry J. Eickmann, Boyer V. Goosen, R. Emerson Green, C. H. Hager, Eleanor Marnan, E. W. McKay, Daniel T. Pacey, James S. Prosser, Mont. M. Sanford.
MONTANA, Melvin R. Knole, Clifford F. Milkwick, Warren H. Stillings, Harry A. Vagg.
NEBRASKA, T. F. Callahan, Rollie E. Cecil, H. M. John Frost, Jack Perry, Orpheus L. Polk.
NEVADA, H. F. Roberts.
NEW JERSEY, John C. Hansen, Wm. G. Harris, Philip P. Mannion, Carl S. Walbrecht.
NEW MEXICO, Lake J. Frazier, Dr. William Taylor, Adolfo Torres, Jr.
NEW YORK, William F. Barth, Stuett J. Bigelow, E. F. Bourne, Chas. Brand, Thomas S. Buechner, Preston B. Campbell, S. Elmer Chambers, Samuel Charniak, Edward G. Chase, Norman Clark, Edward W. Cooper, Matthew Davis, Dr. Edward A. Donahue, Harry Webb Farrington, Lieut. Walter S. Ginn, Charles A. Hammond, M. E. Hoag, Thos. A. Hughes, James C. Jacobson, Ensign H. T. Jarrell, George S. Johnson, Thomas Kane, Harry A. L'Herault, Miss Ethel McHugh, Louis S. Miller, Mrs. James J. O'Brien, F. O'Brien, D. J. O'Neill, John A. Owens, William Phillips, Milton F. Pretrau, John Reidy, Burr Robinson, Charles Edward Roeck, Herbert Roscow, Captain Fred Sanderson, Robert S. Shaw, Leonard E. Starry, Waldo C. Wright.
RHODE ISLAND, M. E. Conley.
SOUTH CAROLINA, Major John F. Jones.
SOUTH DAKOTA, Patrick Brady, H. E. Marquette.
TENNESSEE, E. D. Brandon, Herbert T. Dyere, S. H. Kloess, W. Bethell Long, Jr., H. B. Rainey, E. L. Tyndale, Frank Wade, R. A. Walker.
TEXAS, M. B. Bogarts, Thos. P. Fitzsimmons, C. E. Hays, Edward T. Holman, Dick O'Bannon, Emmett Porton, Jimmie Sanford, D. D. Thornton, Philip L. Wahlberg.
UTAH, Everett D. Smith.
VERMONT, Capt. S. W. Achtmeyer.
VIRGINIA, L. T. Atkinson, P. A. Kersey, F. Karl Rudiger, Richard B. Sale.
WASHINGTON, Mrs. Clara B. Bailey, F. R. Butz, Albert C. Clancy, C. J. Guettel, Mark P. Harris, Geo. E. Kenoyer, Frank Tustin, Frank L. Walters, Max L. Wright.
WEST VIRGINIA, Jno. W. Cooke, E. G. Kent.
WISCONSIN, Walter R. Clarke, J. L. Groessel, Edw. J. Henning, Charles F. Huntington, M. G. Kaufheimer.
WYOMING, Miss Jacqueline Boat, Harry B. Fulmer.

FOREIGN

ALASKA, Edward E. Gaynor.
CANADA, Charles Hale Barnard, James H. Edwards, Lt. Col. J. J. Gilbert, M. W. Gustus, E. Lloyd Merrill, B. Pengelly, Wm. T. Styles.
CUBA, R. M. St. Martin.
HAWAII, Thomas S. Uyeda, E. S. Wheeler.
IRELAND, W. H. Verson.
MEXICO, Jesus Ruy Sanchez hijo.
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, Herman Sulzer.
VIRGIN ISLANDS, Herbert Grigg.

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America's Premier All-Year Resort

Greatly Enlarged, with 350 New Rooms
The Greenbrier Re-opens March 2nd Fireproof Throughout

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Stables of Thorobred Horses
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L. R. JOHNSTON
GENERAL MANAGER

Life in Society



SKATING UNDER FULL CANVAS.

Sven Anderson crossing the finish line in the half-mile figure skating championship at the Lake Placid Club. Although the Norwegian iceman came in first, he was disqualified for unfurling his topcoat in such a manner as to come under the classification of ice boat sailing before the wind.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Cutter Herzog, who were married in New York recently, are at the Hamilton. Mrs. Herzog is the former Miss Eloise Harrison Thingue, and her husband is the former Hank Herzog.

Mr. Joseph H. Winnegar will give a bachelor dinner tomorrow at the Delmonico in celebration of his thirty-fifth birthday.

Sir Hubert Wilkins is spending the week-end under the skating rink at Iceland preparatory to his Arctic venture in the submarine, "Nautilus."

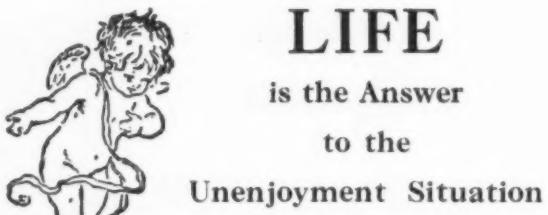
Mrs. George A. Hogan, of Paris, gave a tea yesterday at the Savoy-Plaza for the Director of the French Institute of Palamic art in Palestine, M. Mustache de Salles d'hautville de (*to be continued*).

The Siamese Under-Secretary, Lieut. Col. Prince Dridamora Akarado, who has severed relations with his twin brother, is at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mr. Jake ("The Rat") Moran has arrived in Newport to open several Summer villas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Converse, of 1,120 Park Avenue, will give a dinner-dance for sixty friends at the Breakfast Club in the Hotel Delmonico tomorrow evening, and will serve supper, after the dance, in the Luncheon Club next morning.

—Jack Cluett.



"Life gets better every week". We hear it every day. You can enjoy this rising humor market by taking advantage of Life's special offer and assuring yourself of future exercise for your sense of humor with

**LIFE for Ten Weeks
One Dollar (Foreign, \$1.40)**

LIFE, 64 East 42nd Street, New York

One Year \$5

Foreign \$6.60

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 76



The tree surgeon feels his patient's pulse.

Thomas R. Akers.
782 West Hamburg St.,
Baltimore, Md.

For explanation: He displays his best roadside manner.

D. G. Hearne, Jr.,
Echo Point,
Wheeling, W. Va.

For explanation: Doing nicely but must have plenty of rest and fresh air.

J. F. Watson,
49 Garden Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

For explanation: A vegetable diet, plenty of fresh air, and absolute quiet may straighten it out.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

Look at your nails—

Others do... and your stock goes up in their estimation when nails are trim and tidy. Keep them that way with a Gem Clipper... in the handy, compact pocket size—at drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50c. Gem, Jr. 35c.

The H. C. Cook Co., 7 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers

Keeps teeth white



THE beginning of many a friendship may be traced to a charming smile.

And the thrilling charm of a smile may be traced to teeth—WHITE teeth.

Every day chew delicious Dentyne, the gum especially made to keep teeth white.

It also helps to keep gums firm, because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. Money can buy no finer chewing gum than Dentyne.

*Chew DENTYNE
.. and smile!*



Michael Angelo scribbles at the telephone.

Answers to Anagrins

On Page 23

- (1) Somber. (3) Abased. (4) Fruitless.
- (2) Thermos. (5) Vibrate.



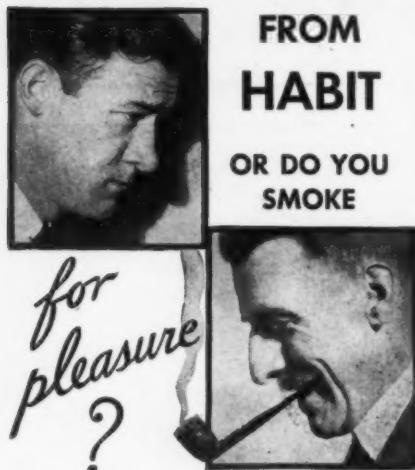
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HOTEL
and
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CABLE ADDRESS "MADISOTEL"

Madison Ave. at 58th St.
THEODORE TITZ - Mgr.

DO YOU SMOKE FROM HABIT OR DO YOU SMOKE



HOW many times a day do you reach for a smoke without thinking? That kind of smoking is just a habit, not a pleasure.

Learn to smoke in the way that will give you the greatest pleasure. A pipe smoker smokes for the genuine enjoyment that his pipe gives him.

If you do not smoke a pipe, today is not a bit too soon to start. Get yourself a good pipe and fill it with Edgeworth, then settle down to smoke for pleasure.

Edgeworth's blend of fine old burleys and its distinctive eleventh process give it a flavor that the man who smokes for pleasure quickly learns to relish.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or clip the coupon below for special sample packet, free.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes, 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.
Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.



CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample.
I'll try it in a good pipe.

Name _____

Address _____

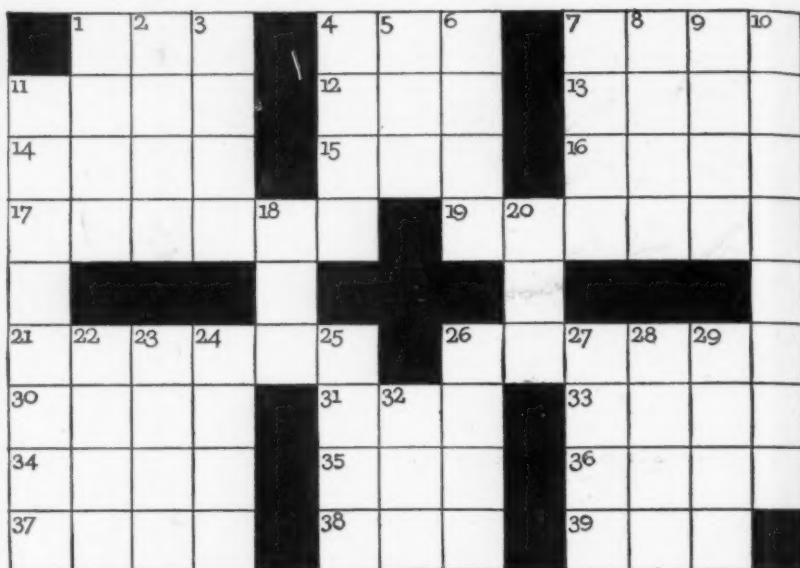
City and State _____

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 81

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes March 20, 1931.



ACROSS

1. A gas pipe.
4. Firm.
7. London mists.
11. This should get a laugh.
12. Ladies' hour.
13. Support.
14. Is indebted.
15. The whole works.
16. A big noise.
17. Winter overcoat.
19. Machine with taking ways.
21. Ain't—grand.
26. The lowly origin of the hooked rug industry.
30. Epochs.
31. Civil war General.
33. Military assistant.
37. Eli.
35. A public house.
36. To mix.
37. For winter travel.
38. Annex.
39. The favored one.

DOWN

1. Chin-chin.
2. Extends.
3. Tryout.
4. The man who plays hero.
5. Fish.
6. Powder.
7. The best place to sow your wild oats.
8. Musical instrument.
9. What is changed often in an auto.
10. A man no nice girl speaks to.
11. Voyages by land or water.
18. To slip.
20. Turkish military officer.
22. Inland sea of Russia.
23. An anecdote.
24. Second-hand.
25. Lamb's pen name.
26. Tear apart.
27. To struggle for breath.
28. A mere taste.
29. Mine entrance.
32. Conclusion.

THE PENTON PRESS CO., CLEVELAND



**DOES
QUICK-THINKING
QUICKEN
YOUR
CIGARETTES?**

**Keep a
Clean Taste
with
Cooler Smoke!**

In these days of hustling for orders and jobs . . . do you hustle your cigarettes, too? Then you should be smoking Spuds. Let Spuds prove themselves in a one-after-another session. Feel how Spuds give you a continual clean taste . . . how they leave you always "mouth-happy" . . . your tongue and throat always moist-cool and comfortably clean . . . no matter how fast and furious your enjoyment of Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance. Switch to Spud in these days of speed-smoking . . . and discover the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!

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20 FOR 20c (U.S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)



The new Ford is an economical car to own and drive

THE new Ford is a splendid car to own and drive because of its attractive lines and colors, safety, comfort, speed, reliability and long life.

There are, in addition, three other features of importance to every far-seeing automobile owner . . . low first cost, low cost of operation, and low yearly depreciation.

During the life of the car, the day-by-day economy of the Ford will amount to considerably more than the saving on the first cost. You save when you buy the Ford and you save every mile you drive.

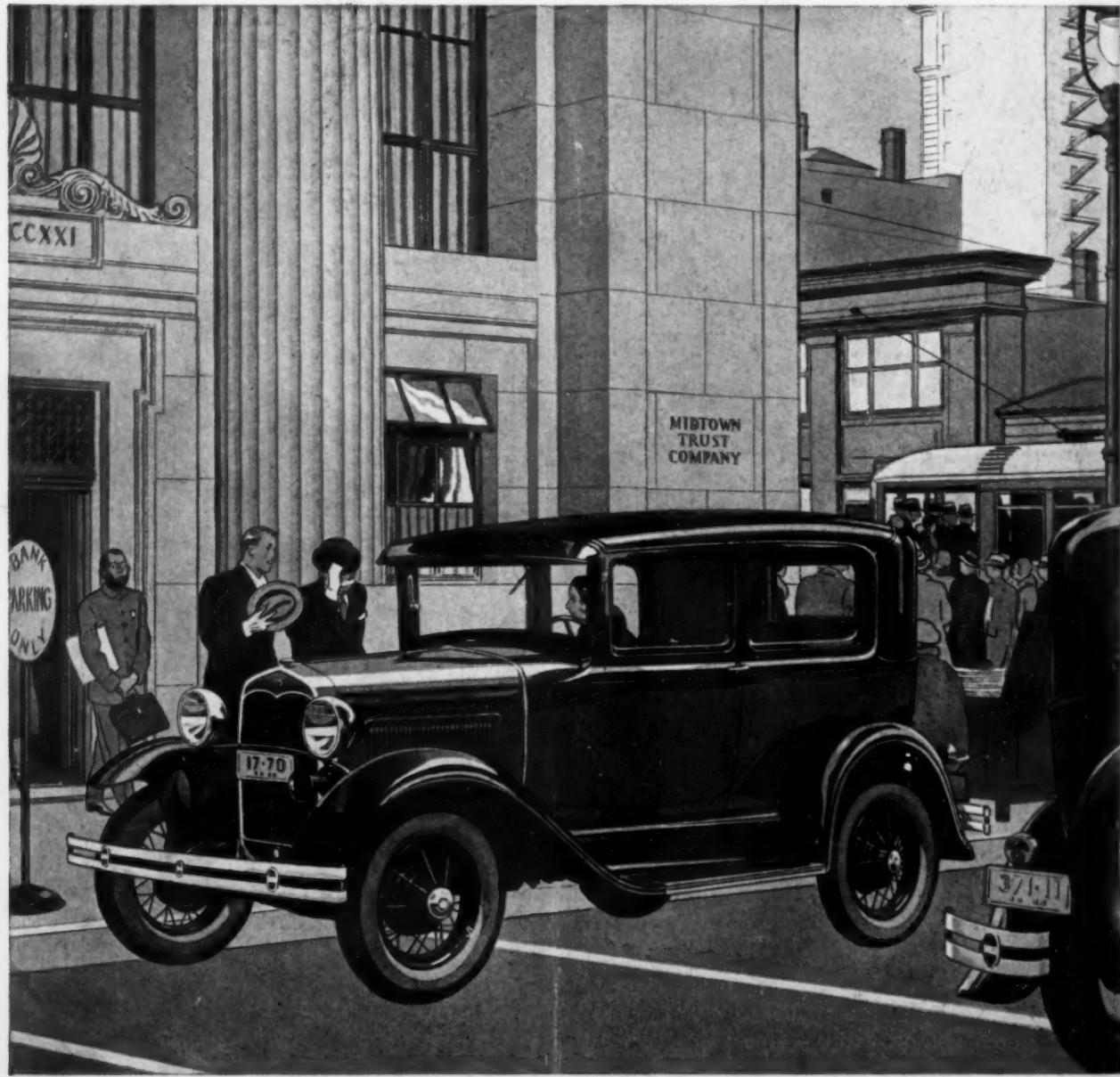
Evidence of the economy of the new Ford is shown in its selection by large industrial companies which keep accurate cost records. Many of these operate fleets of fifty, one hundred, and two hundred Ford cars and trucks. One company has eight thousand. The experience of these careful buyers is a dependable guide for you to follow in the purchase of a motor car.

The reasons for the good performance and economy of the new Ford are simplicity of design, high quality of materials,



and care in manufacturing and assembling. Many vital parts are made to limits of one one-thousandth of an inch. Some to three ten-thousandths of an inch.

The more you see of the performance of the new Ford, the more certain you become of this fact. . . . It brings you everything you want or need in a motor car at an unusually low price. You may purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.



THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

